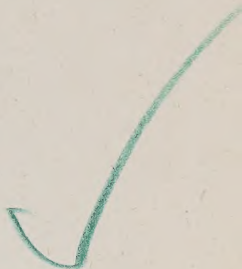


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AN ETHIOPIAN SAGA

BY
RICHMOND HAIGH

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

THE following Saga does not profess to be historic in the literal sense, as what Saga does? Nevertheless the persons and incidents contained in it are so nearly, or were so nearly, true to life that many South Africans will easily be reminded of the originals. I have made numerous attempts to discover an Ethiopian artist to illustrate this story of his own people, but so far without success. Perhaps upon another occasion such an artist will discover himself to me. The native sayings and proverbs scattered throughout the text have been collected from many sources; but chiefly I am indebted for them to the Rev. J. A. Winter of Sekukuniland, to whom I here offer my thanks. Lastly I have to thank the Editor of the *New Age* for his permission to republish here such parts of this story as were first published in that journal.

R. H.

PORT ELIZABETH.

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AN ETHIOPIAN SAGA

AN ETHIOPIAN SAGA

CHAPTER I

*"TWO ARMADILLOS DO NOT LIVE IN ONE
HOLE"*

AT Koloani's head kraal there was some little commotion, for Jamba, son of Bama the Warrior, had come from Kundu's with disquieting news.

Now Kundu was the hereditary head chief of all the Pabedi, but, because of the great number of his people, the White Strangers, who now ruled the land, had, with cunning, induced Koloani, his half-brother, to rebel and to take arms against him, and then, for the Peace of the Land, the White Men had come between them and said that the tribe must be divided: Koloani and all those who had followed him, with their families, should live in one district with the Moali for their river; Kundu with his people should remain at Nilisetsi—which was, and had

always been, the King's Kraal—and possess that district; the Rugged Hills should be between them for a border on each side.

And so the tribe was divided.

“The bitter berry may have a shining outside.”

But Kundu and his head men and councillors were angered at this doing. Nevertheless they found it wise to dissemble, for the face of the White Men was with Koloani to protect him. And, in a little while, the men and maidens of the tribe went back and forth from one part to the other.

Now a time had come when the White Strangers in the land, having grown rich, became dull in council because of their fatness, and, from much talking and slandering, were now moving in camps against each other, and had fought many battles. And on a day this side would win, and on another day that side.

But now it appeared that those White Men who came from over the Water, and who were in numbers as the locusts which darken the Sun, would be the victors. When this was under-

stood the councillors of Kundu met together, and the Chief was with them. And Mokani, the First Councillor, stood forth and said, "Hearken, O Chief! Son of Manduku and Father of Thousands! and ye, Men of Council, hear my words.

"Make the pot while the clay is good."

"The White Men fight together, and they who are beaten and sore pressed are the friends of Koloani, but our enemies. Now, therefore, the time for which we have waited has come. We have trod on our hearts for many moons. The Snake has been in our midst, but because of the rocks which protected him we could do nothing. Now the Storm has shattered the rocks, and before fresh cover can be found the Snake must be destroyed. Koloani and his House must be cut off; but the people with him, are they not thy people, O Kundu? And if the goats stray because of a bad leader it is not necessary to kill the whole flock. Now, therefore, my words are these: Give command, Kundu of the Lion breed, to thy general, Bokalobi, that he take an hundred men of his best to-night, and that, at

the falling of darkness, they set forth swiftly and in silence against Koloani. Before the turn of the night they will be upon him, and he and his whole house, man, woman, and child, should be destroyed. Then, as the day breaks, let it be proclaimed from every point of Tabandini that the people are to be at Peace and not to fear, since your will is not evil towards them, but good."

When Mokani had finished speaking in this wise, the Chief turned to the other councillors and they spoke amongst themselves and with Mokani. And their hearts were with him in this matter, and Kundu sent for his general, Bokalobi.

CHAPTER II

*"WHAT THE DAWN WILL BRING IS NOT
KNOWN"*

"In the darkness, the cow which lows gets milked."

Now it had happened that Jamba was returning from a visit to the house of Mafefu, whose kraal was at a distance, and being tired had stopped to rest near Nilisetsi, Kundu's kraal. And while he lay in the grass close to the river two young women came with their pots for water, speaking loudly, as is their way, and Jamba heard from one that the father of her house had been at the Place of Council since noon, and that Kundu, the Chief, had sent her brother to call Bokalobi, the General, and that now she was to prepare an early meal for her brother, who had told her that there was man's work to do which concerned not woman to know.

At these words Jamba gave great heed to hear more, but the girls, drawing their water, turned back quickly to the kraal.

Now Jamba, although scarce yet a man, was wise; so he gathered up his blanket, and, taking the shortest paths, he hastened and tarried not until he came to Moali, to his kraal, when he related to his father, Bama the Warrior what he had heard. And he said, "My Father, I fear Kundu is of mind to come against us." Then Bama took his son Jamba to the Place of Council; and when he had repeated these things which he had heard, the old men spoke together upon them. And Manok, long of tooth and wise, said, "Go now, Jamba. Thou hast done well to bring us this word so speedily."

"As one goes so one returns."

When the young man had gone out Manok said, "Hear, Koloani of the Blood of Kings, and ye, my brothers, hear my words. The message which Jamba has brought is as the cry of the bird, the Quaraquara, which is a warning to the deer that the hunter approaches; and though the bird may have become disturbed from slight cause, it is yet well for the game to take the alarm. How stand we now? Our runners

bring word that these White Men upon whom we have counted for assistance can with difficulty keep themselves together, and are being driven like cattle before those who fight against them. They can be of no use to us now, and Kundu will know this as well as we. The sore upon his head has not healed with time; rather does the running of it continually irritate him more. And now, surely, that we have lost our Right Arm, he will seek to be avenged upon us. What think you, Bama, my brother, Chief of Warriors!—what may we expect?”

“A good chief lights the fire for his people.”

And Bama, Victor of many Fights, said, “My words, O Koloani and brothers, are few; hear them! Bokalobi is a wise man and of much learning in war. He will know our strength even as we know theirs. Putting weight upon the word we have heard it would seem that now, even this night, Kundu has sent summons to his villages—to Malopani, to N’quobi, aye, even to Sandabo, Son of Daasha, who can bring a thousand spears. Three days must pass ere they can

be gathered together against us. Two days will it take thee, Koloani, Chief of thy Line, to bring thy spears together at this place. But Kundu will think to surprise us and gain a day, perhaps two. If my words seem right, then, at the rising of the Sun let thy messengers go forth and call in thy people from Sankili, the dry spring, even to Vamoling, bordering the land of Kamalubi, Chief of Rasalamoom; that we may be not as foolish game, which, having heard the Quaraquara, is yet taken by surprise. Should it be that we have not read the word aright, and the mind of Kundu is not against us at this time, even then, Koloani, of a Long Arm! the clashing of spears is a good sound and pleasant in the warrior's ear. A Great Day of dancing will be of comfort and cheer to thy people. These are my words."

Then, after these sayings had been considered by the Council, arose Koloani, the Chief. Now, Koloani was not a man who delighted in war. Rather was he a dreamer, and loved those who sang songs. Nevertheless, in war was the Chief of great bravery. And Koloani said, "I have heard, my Fathers! and every word has been of

weight. But even as I have listened my eyes have seen a dark and swift rising of the Waters, as of the furious wave which comes from the sharp and crashing Thunderstorm. True, the wave passes in a moment; but it has swept the stream, and he who follows in his boat need have no fear. What, my Fathers, if Kundu wait not for Malopani, nor for N'quobi, nor for others at a distance, but that he bring Nilisetsi against Moali, his village against mine? for there are none who dwell between us. Consider this thing also; even this night might they set forth against us, and, unprepared, we could not stand before them."

Now these were wise words of Koloani the Chief, but fighting in this way had not taken place in those parts before. So the weight of the Council was against alarming the people that night. It being late already, the Council dispersed, having decided to act as Bama the Warrior had said; to be astir at break of day to attend to these things.

CHAPTER III

"THE BUCK HAS JUMPED OUT OF THE POT"

"The sun never sets without fresh news."

At this time, the falling of darkness, Bokalobi, the General, gave order, and he and his hundred men and ten, chosen of the mightiest and best, gave greeting to the Chief, Kundu, and turning their faces towards Moali held their spears aloft and shook them. Then Bokalobi sprang forward with a great leap, and his men followed, and were at once out of sight; but not a sound was heard. And Kundu returned to his house with a smile upon his face, for he expected great things. And his heart yearned to be avenged upon Koloani.

Across the river and over the sand; through the thorn bush and into the corn lands went Bokalobi and his men. And here, only, did they walk because of the thick dry leaves which covered the ground after the plucking of the corn. Then on again, springing forward, landing ever

lightly on the toes; and so from dusk to midnight.

Then Bokalobi raised his spear and stood, and each man, as he saw, raised his spear and stood, that those behind might also see and stand. Then they gathered about Bokalobi to hear his word. And Bokalobi called the Ten Men together whom he had appointed as leaders and heard them repeat the orders which he had given them. To each Leader with ten warriors was it given to deal with a certain Sabolo, that is, the huts of one family in a Korral: to slay every man and boy, and to deal with the women and girls according as they behaved; also, to cut down every Man of the Enemy who came in their way. When they had finished with their Sabolo they should make their way again to Bokalobi, who would await them at the house of Koloani the Chief, with which he himself would deal.

And now, again, they moved forward silently on the great entrance to the village Moali, and each Leader of Ten drew away with his men in the direction of his Sabolo.

Presently there was barking of dogs in the

village, and then a shout, and another, and screaming of women. And the people, terrified, came rushing out of their huts, and none knew what had happened. But here and there, and at the Sabolo of the Chief, and where Bama the Warrior lived there rose the sound of fighting and the angry shouts of men; and this died away, and there was silence again. The people trembled and looked at each other, and asked what this thing meant. Then, as they stood yet amazed before their huts, the people saw Warriors pass, with springing step and shaking spears, before them and out of the village. But they knew not who they were in the darkness, for Bokalobi had ordered silence amongst his men.

Then Bokalobi led his Warriors into the Tabandini, the Rugged Hills, to await the coming of Kundu and all those with him. For he had sent off Koromati, swift of foot, with tidings to the Chief.

“Do not follow a snake to its bed.”

Now the General called together the Leaders of Ten and asked, “What of Koloani?” And the Leaders were astonished and asked, “Was

he not at his house?" Then Bokalobi was sore at heart and said, "I found him not at his Sabolo, and the women of his House whom I questioned knew only that he had been there, and they pointed to his bed which had been lain upon. And they spoke truth, for the first who said she knew not was struck down before the others, but they could say only this. And I thought, He will have visited Monokang or Bama, or some other, and will surely fall before one of my men. And we could not tarry for already the alarm had been given, and it was useless then to search for any man in the darkness, in his own place." And Bokalobi bowed his head and was much troubled.

"When you speak of a rhinoceros look for a tree."

Then he who had been leader against Bama the Warrior and his House, Pondabi, maker of spear-heads, an honourable man, stood forth and said, "O Bokalobi, Lion and Wolf! be yet of cheer and hear my words, for it may be that it is with He-who-troubled even as you thought, and that the purpose of our coming is accomplished. Behold, in the Sabolo of Bama, Man

of Might, we counted to meet twelve men; for Bama had seven sons, and the men who dwelt with him to serve him were four. And it was known that the four unmarried sons slept in one hut and the three married sons each in his own hut, and the four men who were servants in one hut. Bama slept alone. So I divided my men accordingly against the five huts, and I myself went swiftly towards the sleeping-place of Bama. The door of his hut was open, and, examining closely, I found no one there, and so I hurried to the hut of the eldest son, Touga, giving the call of the guinea-fowl, that my men should know me. Porodak, who followed in my House, had chosen Touga for his spear and he pushed aside the door of Touga's hut and called him, saying he must speak with him. And Touga, true son of his father, had seized his sticks and spear and sprung forth, and had fallen to the spear of Porodak as I came up with them. But Bama was not there. And now three other of my men came towards us; and their step was light for their spears were red. And even while I asked them of Bama, lo! a shout, and from the dark-

ness of the wall two men sprang upon us. Two lions, verily, were they; two against five; and he, the taller of the two, was Bama the Warrior, but the other I could not see because of the rush, and that my eyes were for Bama only. And Bama had in his right hand his war club, and in his left hand his spear. The club fell upon the head of Porodak, he who followed in my House, and crushed it like a melon. The spear pierced the throat of him to whom I had been speaking—and I heard Bama grunt deeply with the joy of it. Then the Warrior drew back his spear and raised his war club, of great weight, against me, and we both struck and parried together; he with his spear drove down mine so that it only pierced his thigh; while his club—such was the strength of his arm—bore down my guard and struck my shoulder, so that my arm refuses even yet to raise itself. The fight was to Bama, for though sorely hurt in the thigh he could yet stand and strike and guard against my one arm. But now, seeing his friend, whose spear had broken off in the ribs of Sekobo, son of Mokani, being overcome by Talipi, of the bow legs, Bama hurled

his spear which took Talipi under his right arm and drove deeply in; but Talipi's club had in the same action crashed upon the face of his enemy. Now Bama, Lion of Heart! had lain himself open to me, and my spear entered his chest, and the point came out between his shoulders. The Mighty One turned his face to me and stood like a stricken elephant; then he sank to the earth. The other men, each kissing his bloody spear, had now come up, O Bokalobi, and we hurried to meet you, bringing with us our dead. And now, Bokalobi, the man whose face I saw not, was of the height and build of Koloani, and he was a Man of Valour. More I cannot say, for I know not; but my heart, O General! says, 'Be comforted, for our enemy is dead.'"

And Bokalobi, the General, was fain to believe that it was even as the heart of Pondabi, the Smith, had told him.

CHAPTER IV

*"THE LION'S LAIR IS BURNED DOWN; RATS
ARE IN THE OPEN; VULTURES ARE LOOK-
ING OUT FOR MEAT"*

AND now the sound of great wailing and lamentation was in the air, and, as the day broke, Bokalobi and those who were with him saw from Tabandini, the Rugged Hills, that there was a great commotion at Moali, the place of Koloani. Men ran to and fro beating the breast, and ever a great sound of wailing arose as the people came together. And soon messengers were seen to leave the village and run swiftly in many directions.

But Bokalobi moved not from the hills. And now, just after the rising of the Sun, came Kundu, with all the men who could be with him; for the Chief had not waited for the messenger sent by Bokalobi, but had met him on the way. And Mokani, the First Councillor, whose son, Sekobo, had been slain in the fight, was with

the Chief, and they all entered quickly into the hill and came to Bokalobi, the General. Bokalobi told at once to the Chief and to Mokani what had been done; and also the word about Koloani, at which hearing Kundu was ill-pleased, but hoped that it was even as Pondabi, the Smith, had said.

And now Mokani stood forth, and Bokalobi with him, and moved towards Moali. And Bokalobi blew upon his horn loudly three times. Then of a sudden the wailing ceased, and the eyes of the people in the village were turned towards the hills, and they saw Mokani advancing towards them with his hands held high in sign of peace, and Bokalobi coming on with him, behind. And these two came to a Rock which stood out not far from the village, and Mokani called out with a loud voice that the men of the village should come nearer and hear his words, which were words of peace and good cheer.

In a little while many men came forth out of the village, and when they were below him, not far from the rock, Mokani the First Councillor, spoke and said:

“A sharp spear needs no polish.”

“Hear now, O Men of Moali, the word of Kundu, Son of Dukani, Son of Parolong, Son of Bonoa, the only true and rightful Chief of this land and of all the Peoples here. Well does Kundu, your Lord, know that your Hearts were never against him, but that you were led away by Koloani and his young and evil councillors. Kundu bears towards you no ill-will; his face is kind towards you. Koloani and those with him have received the death they deserved; and those White Strangers who placed their feet upon our necks will soon be slaves to another nation. Now, therefore, the word of Kundu is this: His people must sharpen their spears for strangers, not against each other. Tabandini is to be no longer a Border between them. He promises pardon to all men; and he now, here in the Rugged Hills, awaits and expects that you will without delay send in your due submission to him. And, Brothers, hear me; Kundu, your Lord and Chief, has not come alone; his army is with him. If his brow was black towards you he could in a mo-

ment pile your village in a heap and burn it so that not a stick remained. Weigh now the word I have brought well and quickly, and I will return with your answer to Kundu, Chief of all this land and people."

"In the dark men catch hold of one another's clothes."

Then the men of Moali went back to the village to consider the word which Mokani had given them; but they were as sheep which had no leader, for there was no man of great standing left amongst them. As for Koloani, their Chief, his body had not been found amongst the dead; and the women had spoken of the doing of Bokalobi, and that he had not found the Chief in his hut to kill him. But Koloani was not in the village. And now Mokani, the Councillor of Kundu, had told them he was slain with the others, so that there were many who thought it must be so, and that his body had been carried away by Bokalobi with his own dead. For they had found in the Sabolo of Bama the Warrior the signs of a great fight.

Yet many were for fighting and defending themselves until assistance came, for messengers had been sent to all the other villages to call the people together. But others were for accepting Kundu again as their Chief—for the hearts of the people had never been black against him.

And so, when Bokalobi again blew on his horn, and Mokani had made known that he would not wait longer for their answer, the people in the village, seeing that they would not stand together to resist Kundu, went out again to Mokani, the Councillor, and Bokalobi, the General, and threw down their arms before them. And ten of the first men who were left amongst them went up with Mokani and with Bokalobi to cast themselves down before the Chief, Kundu, and declare the submission of the chief village, Moali.

When Kundu saw this thing his heart was glad, and he spoke to the ten men and told them to rise; then he gave orders that all those who were with him should follow him down to the village and camp outside around the place where the spears had been cast down.

But Bokalobi and his chosen men were to go

with the Chief to the Great Ring in the centre of the village where Council would be held. And Kundu told the ten men to go before him and to hold their hands high so that those in the village should know that it was Peace.

CHAPTER V

"ONE LINK ONLY SOUNDS BECAUSE OF ANOTHER"

Now it had happened with Koloani, Chief of Moali, in this wise: When the speaking was finished and the Council at an end, Koloani had gone straight to his own house, and had lain down upon his bed. And the Chief considered again with himself all that which had been spoken at the Council. And behold! again before him a vision appeared of a sudden and violent rising of waters which rushed towards him, so that he started up from his bed. And Koloani was restless and ill at ease, and paced in his house back and forth. And he sent one to call Jamba, son of Bama the Warrior, and Jamba came quickly to the Chief. Then Koloani said, "Speak, Son of the Fighting Blood, and say didst thou observe nought else of stir or preparation at the village of Nilisetsi, which thou hadst perchance forgotten?"

“Wisdom is not in the eye but in the head.”

And Jamba said, “O Chief! Nought else did I see or hear save that only which I have spoken to the Council. This only, Great One, that the girls dallied not at the drawing of water as is their way, but rather hastened as if one had said to them ‘lose no time.’”

Now at this word, even at this small saying of the young man, Koloani, the Chief, began again to pace in the hut quickly back and forth.

Then Koloani said, “Return now, Jamba, to thy bed and sleep, and let nought disturb thee.”

But Jamba said, “May I not sleep across the entrance to thy house, my Father? For in my hut I feel restless and confined, and the air is heavy to me as the brooding before a storm.”

And this saying, again, of the young man fell heavily upon the ears of the Chief. And Koloani said, “Nay, Jamba, but tarry here while I go to Bama, thy father, for I would speak with the Warrior and return again.”

The Chief went out, and Jamba laid himself upon the floor of the house to rest him.

When Koloani the Chief came to the Sabolo

of Bama it was deep into the night, and the village slept. Koloani went to the door of Bama's hut and touched it, and immediately one sprang up inside and grasped his spears and called, saying, "Who is there?"

And the Chief said, "It is I, thou ever-wakeful one—Koloani—and I must speak with thee again, even if thou sayest that ants are in my brain, for I cannot rest."

And Bama the Warrior came out into the court before his hut and said, "Nay, my Lord! for art thou not of the Blood of Chiefs and a Leader of Men? See"—and Bama, Hero of many Fights, pointed with his spear before him and around—"thy people sleep in Peace, for they know that Koloani is as an Eagle watching from a height, and is not one to be deceived." And Bama had his spear and his club with him.

And the Chief said, "May it be so, Bama! And even as the eagle, when the hunters are about, is restless on his rock, looking ever to this side and that, and seeing nothing is yet the more alarmed, for that he knows not from which side, nor how soon, the attack will come, so it is with

me this night. Jamba, thy son, is in my house, for I sent for him, and have spoken with him again on the word which he brought us this day. And I bade him wait in my hut until I had seen thee and returned; for the youth, also, is ill at ease in that he rested this day at Nilisetsi, the Place of Kundu, and the Evil Spirit of that place disturbs him so that he cannot sleep. Now Bama, Man of Might and Wisdom, hear me. A restless bed is for a sick man only! Late though the hour, it is in my mind to visit my uncle, Chuaani, and to talk with him upon these things which concern us. The night will soon turn, and before the break of day, going quickly, as is my humour, we will be at his village Tlapakun. It is my purpose to take the youth, thy son, with me; it will be a delight to him, and for me, company. Do thou and Manok in the morning even as the Council decided, and I will return again at noon. Now remain thou in peace, for I go."

And Bama the Warrior said, "I have heard, Koloani, Father of the People. Chuaani, the Hairy One, will be pleased at thy coming and will put greater will into these things we must do.

And the boy, Jamba, is sprightly and of good courage, and may be of use to attend thee on the way. Let me go with thee to without the village, and I will return, and to-morrow it will be done even as we have said."

CHAPTER VI

"HE WILL NOT EAT OUT OF HIS CHILDREN'S DISHES"

KOLOANI, the Chief, returned to his house with Bama the Warrior, and they found there Jamba and with him Gutambi the Hunter, who was not a man of Moali, but a visitor who slept at the Sabolo of the Chief. And Gutambi, the Hunter, and Bama the Warrior were as brothers, and they loved each other. Now Jamba felt happy and proud when he heard what was in the mind of the Chief to do. And they set forth immediately. And Gutambi the Hunter, also, taking his spear, accompanied them without the village.

When Bama and Gutambi had gone with the Chief a little way upon the road they bade him farewell and returned to the village; and Bama asked Gutambi to go with him and sleep in his hut.

Now Bokalobi, the General of Kundu, with his chosen men had passed in before them on the main entrance to the village, and Bama and Gutambi

knew it not; yet before they came to his Sabolo, Bama the Warrior felt a strangeness, and grasped his club and spear, and spoke to Gutambi.

And then there was a movement about the place, and the dogs barked. Then a woman shrieked. And Bama ran, and when he came to his Sabolo he moved along in the greater darkness of the wall, and Gutambi followed closely upon him. And when Bama came to the hut of Touga, his firstborn, lo! there stood five before the hut, and one, whose voice was strange, spake, saying, "Touga lies here; what of Bama?"

And at these words Bama the Warrior, Man of Mighty Heart, sprang forward, and Gutambi the Hunter sprang forward with him, against the five. And it has been told what happened at that Bloody Fight.

But Koloani knew none of these things.

CHAPTER VII

"WATCHER OF THE MOON, BEWARE OF THE DARKNESS"

So Koloani, the Chief, and Jamba, son of Bama, went on their way quickly; and before the day broke they came into Tlapakun, the Place of the Black Rock, which was the village of Chuaani, the uncle of Koloani. And the Chief and Jamba entered by the main gate into the Sabolo of Chuaani, the Hairy One. And Jamba called one forth and said, "Make known to Chuaani, the Head of the Village, that Koloani the Chief is here to visit him." And it was done so. In a moment Chuaani, the Hairy One, came out of his hut and greeted the Chief Koloani. He was greatly surprised at this sudden visit, and that the Chief had come all unattended save only by Jamba, the son of Bama, yet a very young man. And Chuaani entreated the Chief that he would enter into his hut and rest.

Chuaani, though of an age with Koloani, yet was the brother of Koloani's mother; and he was

a hairy man, and therefore called Chuaani, which in that language means baboon, and he had, in the eye of the stranger, such an appearance.

And Koloani said, "I am tired and will rest, even as thou sayest, my good uncle. There is that of importance on which I must talk with thee, but now the night air presses on my eyelids and I will sleep for a little while. At the rising of the sun call, I pray thee, thy Old Men and Councillors together at the Place of Meeting, and when all is ready let not thought for my rest hinder thee, but call me straightway. And thou, Jamba, good youth, art tired also, for thou hast travelled far this day and night. Take now thy blanket until I send for thee again." Then Koloani, the Chief, entered into the hut of Chuaani, his uncle, and slept.

"The doctor does not doctor himself."

So at the rising of the sun Chuaani, the Hairy One, made round of the sabolos of his Old Men and Councillors and spoke with each, saying, "The Chief is here and has that to say which is of great concern, and would hold council with

us now; come then, brother, to the Khothla (the Place of Council) when thou art ready." And Chuaani went quickly about.

Now when those who had been called had all come, Chuaani went again to his hut and entered, and spoke to Koloani, and awoke him, and said, "Be not displeased, for it is as thou commandedst me, O Chief. And now the Old Men are come to the Khothla to hear thy word."

And the Chief arose and said, "It is well, Man of Our House! and though my sinews yet are strung, sleep has cooled my brain. Have water brought, I pray thee, for the dews of night are still upon mine eyelids." And Chuaani brought water in a bowl with his own hands. And Koloani came out into the courtyard before the hut, and when he had washed he raised himself up and looked upon the face of the Sun and drew a deep breath. Then he turned and looked towards his own village of Moali. And when he had stood for a moment thus he beckoned to Chuaani, the Hairy One, and they passed out to the Place of Council.

Now the day was fair and beautiful, and peace

was in the song of the birds upon the trees and in the lowing of the cattle, and in the voice of the women and the children as they came forth from their huts. And the Chief thought upon the simple words of Jamba, son of Bama, which he had brought to them. And he thought: Surely a hare has rustled the grass, and we are preparing for a lion. And the Chief considered with himself what he should say to the Council.

But for Koloani, the Chief, this day was to be the day of his greatest grief, and his head would be bowed in the sorrow of a broken heart because of that which had happened; but the Chief knew not yet of this happening.

CHAPTER VIII

*"IF YOU DESPISE THE DOCTOR, DESPISE THE
SICKNESS ALSO"*

KOLOANI, when he had come to the Place of Council with Chuaani, and had received their greeting and greeted them again, spake unto the Old Men and Councillors, and told them of those things which had been spoken at his own village at Moali.

And Koloani said, "The Spirits of our Fathers which have gone before us are troubled, and their warnings are in our ears. Even as it is with the wild game which, while yet the storm is afar and cannot be seen, is warned of its approach and takes heed for itself how it shall meet it. The coming together of the Warriors and the Young Men at Moali will be a sign to those who would come against us that we have read the feeling of their hearts towards us, and are not unmindful of these things."

Now it happened that Chuaani and those with him were not amazed at these sayings of the

Chief Koloani, nor were they surprised. But they looked at each other, and there were noddings of the head.

And Chuaani, the Hairy One, spoke to the Chief, and said, "Thy words, Koloani, Born in Wisdom, are as seed fallen on broken ground, for even yesterday were we met together to discuss this thing, and it came about in this wise: Makalokolo, as thou knowest, Chief, has fame throughout the land as a man of deep learning and wisdom, to whom the Spirits of our Fathers speak as amongst themselves; so that when, in passing on a journey two days since, he appeared in our midst, we made haste to welcome him, and so entreated him that he stayed with us the night to sleep. Now, while in the evening we sat together talking of many things, it chanced that Makalokolo looked towards Tabandini, the Rugged Hills, and lo! the Horns of the Young Moon, whose sign is in trouble, appeared to clasp the point of the highest rock above Moali, thy House, O Chief! And when the Learned Man looked earnestly, we all looked and saw this Sign, but could not read it. Then Ma-

kalokolo brought forth his pouch, of the skin of the bush-buck, and opened it, and threw out upon the ground before him his Charms and Letters—the chosen knuckles and bones of animals; strange stones; teeth, shells, and rare pieces of wood, to which the power has been given, and of deep meaning to the learned. And Makalokolo said not a word, but looked long upon his Charms—upon the way they had fallen at his first throwing out. Then took he two of the Charms from the others and placed them, as they had fallen, apart; and the one was a large, flat knuckle-bone as of an animal of strength, and the other was a smooth-pointed stone of two colours.

“And Makalokolo gathered up the other Charms and Letters, every one of them, into his two hands. His eyes were open, but he looked not upon us, neither saw he us, but That he saw was in his mind. And he spoke rapidly many words, and chanted; but the meaning of his words we knew not, for many were in a strange tongue. And when he had finished he threw up his hands, and the charms and cunning bones fell before him again.

“And now, as before, the Man of Wisdom looked long and closely upon the manner in which they had fallen and the placing of them. Then he took the two which he had put apart and stood them again in their places as they had fallen at the first throwing, that he might read the message which had been sent to him.

“And now Makalokolo moved his hands over the Charms, and some he touched and some he put away as having no meaning. And he took two shells which were from the Great Salt Water, one in each hand, and held them tightly for a while before he put them back, and then he moved a piece of hard black wood, and underneath it lay the tooth of a serpent. And when he had sat for awhile the face of Makalokolo grew dark and he was troubled, and he spoke, but his eyes moved not from the ground before him. And these are the words he said:

““Chuaani! We have eaten from one bowl and drunk from one cup, and thy people have been kind to me, so that my heart is with thee and thy House. Now, therefore, hearken, and

treat not my words lightly. The heavens are full of signs to him whose eyes are open, and from the Moon learn we many things. And the Great Spirits of our Fathers watch over the People, to guard them from the Pit and from the Serpent. But to few is it given to read the Signs aright. If a snake cross your path ye will turn back; and if a bee fly on before ye take it as happy omen for your journey. But such as these are as language which cometh to the babe unsought; by study and deep thought is little known to the people. And ye, Old Men and Wise in Council, what read ye in the Young Moon this night? Was there nought of sign concerning ye when, as ye looked, the angry horns rested on Tabandini? Now listen and interpret for yourselves, for I know not the concerns of your People, neither can I put the meaning upon what is shown. I see a roused wolf, and he ranges far alone. Moali beware! There is what comes from the Salt Water, but it is not open to me'—and Makalokolo took again the shells in his hand and held them closely to him, and then, as though in anger, threw them to one side—'White Men

are concerned in this. This that crosses the path of the wolf is of two colours; read it ye who can. There is bitterness hidden, or a mighty shield before you—dark, dark! There is, my brothers, confusion in all; and because I know not the concerns of your people the smaller signs are dark to my eyes. Anger is warmth which lights itself and the Obstinate man will see by the Bloodstains.’

“And Makalokolo gathered up his Charms and Symbols into his pouch again, and when he had risen he said, ‘The prickly pear has thorns, but he who has the will eats of the fruit.’ And then, Koloani, Child of the Great, we should have asked the Wise Man further, but because he was a stranger here he would not. And after we had spoken much together we went each to his own hut to consider with ourselves what might be the Meaning of the Signs.

“And yesterday, Chief, we held council together, and we turned not to any other thing from sunrise until dark—but Makalokolo, our guest, had left us in the early morn. And from our reasoning, Koloani, Chief of thy House, we

said that certain of us should even this day visit thee at Moali and lay before thee also the word of Makalokolo the Wizard, and that which he had done."

CHAPTER IX

"A GREAT ONE MUST HAVE A LONG HEART"

Now when Chuaani, the Hairy One, had finished speaking, Koloani, the Chief, sprang to his feet and was excited, and raised his arm and said, "Now surely are our Fathers greatly concerned for us. The waters rise quickly and we sit here, as women, to talk. Chuaani and ye, my brothers, ye have already spoken on this thing, and ye have heard my words. The sun is high over the hills, and the messenger from my council at Moali will be close at hand to call ye to arms. Wait not for him; send forth now the summons to your Warriors and to your Young Men that they prepare themselves quickly. It is my Word. And I will return to Moali and make that place ready, and will take counsel with Manok and with Bama what our action shall be. Farewell, my brothers. Nay, hinder me not; already I see the dancing plumes and the flashing of spears."

Koloani, the Chief, had spoken these words, and even while speaking had taken meat in his

hands and bread for the road to return at once to his house, when, of a sudden, there was a commotion in the Gate. And the Chief said, "It is surely the messenger from Moali; but what means this noise?"

And in a moment there appeared in the Place of Council one in great distress, whose face was made white with clay, beating his breast and crying "Woe, woe! Arise! Revenge! Woe, woe!" And the people followed after him and gathered together about the Place of Council.

Now when he who ran in this wise had come into the midst of the Kothla, and saw Koloani, the Chief, he stood for a moment as in terror; then, crying aloud, he cast himself down before the Chief. And Koloani saw the man, that he was from Moali, and the heart of the Chief sank within him; and he gave orders and the people were sent away again to their places and to their work.

"A man does not use one finger to take out an arrow."

And when the people had gone away Koloani, the Chief, sat down; and Chuaani, the Hairy One,

and his Old Men and Councillors sat down also in their places. Then the Chief spoke gruffly, and said to him on the ground, "Speak, and speak quickly, Man of Ours! One minds not so much the sharp and sudden stab, but the slow cutting of a knife is torture. What is thy news?"

Then he who had come crying woe raised himself and stood before the Chief. And because of the words of Koloani he thought not further on how he should begin, but said, "The Enemy came in the night, and has slain the Greatest amongst us, O Chief. Manok, old and wise, is dead, and all his House with him. Bama the Warrior is slain with his sons, and Gutambi the Mighty Hunter lies before his hut. At thy sabolo, Mighty Chief, only the women are left to mourn, for the Evil Ones looked not upon the youth and innocence of thy sons, but slew them also. Woe! Woe!"

And with eyes cast down, not daring to look upon the face of the Chief, the man told of all those Great Ones who had been slain in the night. Of the men who were killed and the young men slain in the night the number was eighty and

seven. And these were the First Men of the Land. And he said, "Thy people mourn also for thee, O Chief, for they say, 'Koloani, our Father, is slain also, and the Evil Ones have carried him away.'" And he said, "Thy people lie in the dust and moan, O Chief, and there is none to lead them."

Now, of the Old Men and Councillors at that place there was not one who raised his head. They lay upon the ground and beat their foreheads upon the ground, and took dust in their hands and placed it on their heads. And Chuaani, also, the Hairy One, threw dust upon his head. The Chief, Koloani, moved not; but he had grown very small, and it was as if the blow was too great for him. Only at the last words of the man Koloani, the Chief, raised his head, and like unto a very old man he stood upon his feet.

And the Voice of the Chief was choked in his throat. But now he stretched out his arms and stood upright and spoke to Chuaani and to the others, and said, "Arise, my brothers! there is work to do. Look not yet to me, for my eyes see not before me, but behind. Manok, faithful

and wise; Bama, my right arm; and my children also. My sons! My sons!"

And the Chief turned sharply upon the messenger, and his eyes flashed like bright spears, and he grasped the man and shook him, and the fury was upon him. And the Chief cried, hoarsely, "Liar! Liar! It is not true. Speak! It is false. Whence come you? Who are you? Speak!" And those who were there feared for the man's life in the hands of the Chief. But now Koloani drew back, and the man sank upon the ground and said, "Alas, O Chief! It is true. I am thy servant Raasa, son of Kolo, who dresses hides; and at daybreak Kolo, my father, and others, who are men of years, came together, and when it was seen that the Evil Ones had gone, messengers were sent out to all the villages to tell what had been done, and to call the people together before the enemy might return again. And my words were to Chuaani and the people of this village."

CHAPTER X

"TO KEEP HIS OWN SECRETS HE TALKS OF OTHERS"

WHEN Raasa, the messenger, had finished speaking, Koloani, the Chief, went out from the Khotla and Chuaani followed him, and when they had come to Chuaani's hut the Chief said, "Arouse the youth, Jamba, and send him to me, but tell him nought. I will return with him to Moali. Gather thou thy Warriors and Young Men and follow quickly after us—that snake swallow not snake." And the meaning of the Chief was that a greater evil follow not upon the first. And Koloani said, "We must act now. We shall mourn for ever."

Then when Chuaani had aroused Jamba, the son of Bama, and brought him to the Chief, Koloani said, "Come, Son of the Warrior, we will return." And Chuaani called two of his men and told them to go with the Chief also, following on behind. Then they set forth im-

mediately. And Jamba looked at the Chief and wondered within himself, but he would not speak.

When they were without the village and on the way, Koloani called Jamba to his side, and began in gentle wise to tell the youth of the word which Raasa, the messenger, had brought to them. The Chief spoke of Manok, and of those others who had fallen. And the Chief spoke of his own sons; and Jamba choked as he heard and knew that his father, Bama, the Mighty Warrior, and his brothers also were dead, for they could not be alive when the Sons of the Chief were slain.

And Koloani, the Chief, saw that Jamba knew this thing, for he asked not once concerning his family. And Koloani spoke kindly to the youth; and then he spoke in otherwise of the doers of this evil, and caused the hot blood to mount. And then he raised his arm and shook his spear, and Jamba also raised his arm and shook his spear. And they shouted aloud, "Revenge!" and sprang forward. And so Jamba heard of these things.

CHAPTER XI

"BE SILENT, TREE; DON'T LISTEN TO THE NOISE OF HATCHETS"

WHILE the Chief and Jamba and the two who were with them were approaching Moali, but were yet a good way off, they saw men coming towards them, and soon they could tell that there were five men, who carried, besides their spears and clubs, bundles, as of blankets or goods. And they were running.

And when Jamba from afar saw that they were young men from Moali, he spoke to the Chief; wondering to see them carrying things and yet running. But Koloani said nothing; in his heart he had been afraid of this thing, for he judged that the Enemy would, surely, return quickly to his village.

And the heart of Koloani, the Chief, was like a stone. And he spoke to the men with him and to Jamba, and they all stood still and waited until the Five came up.

Now when the five young men from Moali saw that Koloani stood before them they were amazed, and gazed upon the Chief, but could say nothing. And Koloani knew that they had believed him dead.

The Chief spoke to them and said, "Who is First amongst you?" And one stepped forward and said, "I am Holpa, O Chief! son of Khomobi, who tends thy cattle." And Koloani said, "Speak, Holpa, and shortly, for the day passes. I have heard the word of Raasa, son of Kolo, who was sent to Chuaani to tell of the slaying in the night. Say on."

"The guinea-fowl dies, then the eggs get rotten."

Then Holpa threw down his blankets and his spears and his sticks, and stood humbly before the Chief, and said, "O Chief! What can I say? Thy people believed thee dead, and there was none to lead them, for the Heads of the Village were slain and lay about in their places.

"And Kundu and his army appeared, saying that thou wert dead, O Chief. And the people have cast down their spears before him. And we

only, this few, being young men, came away with our spears, and said, ' We will go to Chuaani and will wait awhile, for our hearts are against this doing.' ”

Now who can tell of the distress of Koloani, the Chief, at this hearing? Jamba and all those about him cast themselves down upon the road. But Koloani was a Chief, and a Leader of Men; and after he had stood for a short while in silence he spoke to Holpa and told him to rise, and the Four with him, and to take again their spears and their blankets.

“ Crippled first does not mean die first.”

And Koloani spoke to the Five and told them to go off quickly, each in a different direction, and to carry the news to his people; to tell what they had seen, and that the Chief was living and would, surely, be avenged upon Kundu. And the people were to prepare themselves, for Koloani was with Chuaani, his uncle, at his village, and was making ready.

And Koloani waited not to choose his words, but sent them off quickly, for he knew that Kundu

would not delay but would send his word immediately throughout the land.

Now when the Five had gone off, each his own way, the Chief spoke to the two men of Tlapakun, and said, "Hearken now, ye men of Chuaani. Ye have heard that which has been told. Kundu and his army are at Moali. Continue ye now, therefore, towards Moali, and, as ye are men of years and wisdom, so do that ye come again to me at the house of Chuaani in the early morn with knowledge of that which is done at Moali this day." And they said, "We will do even as the Chief has said." And they saluted the Chief and went their way towards Moali.

Then Koloani looked towards the young man, Jamba, and Jamba bowed his head before the Chief; and the Chief turned again towards Tlapakun, the village of Chuaani, and began to return to that place. And Jamba followed behind the Chief; and their feet were heavy, and there was no life in them. So they moved slowly on their way.

CHAPTER XII

"WE ARE WANDERING IN THE BELLY OF A BULLOCK"

WHEN Koloani, the Chief, and Jamba, son of Bama, had returned some way, they met men of the village of Tlapakun coming towards them. These were Young Men and Warriors with their spears and their clubs; and some had shields made of raw hide which would turn a spear.

And they were in companies of tens and twenties, and then in larger companies; and their movement was like a dance, but they came swiftly on. Before each company moved a man who chanted a war song, and those behind him also joined in the chant; and he in front sometimes sprang high in the air and clashed his spears upon his shield; then, in a while, another from the company sprang forward and took up the song and led; and he who had been in front danced where he stood and joined the others as they came up.

When Koloani, the Chief, came near to the

first of these companies be held up his spear, and at the sign the leader of the company stood still and raised his spear, and those behind him moved not forward but continued to dance and sing as before, stamping hard upon the ground.

And when the Chief saw these warriors dancing, and the greater companies coming on after, and heard the words of the War Song which they chanted, his eyes lit up again and his step grew light. And Jamba, Son of the Warrior, also grasped his spears tightly and felt his blood run hot; and Jamba wished that the Chief would turn again and lead them, even so, against the men of Nilisetsi who had brought them so great evil.

But Koloani said to the Leader of the Company: "Turn again, Man of Ours; the enemy has fallen upon Moali, my village, and has taken it by cunning. Now return we to the Place of Black Rocks, and there we shall make our preparations quickly."

And Koloani gave orders that a man be sent with this word to each of the companies which were coming on. So all the Warriors and Young

Men who had gone out returned again with the Chief to Tlapakun, the Place of Black Rocks.

Now when the Chief and Jamba and the others came again to the village of Chuaani, the day was far advanced; and Chuaani, the Hairy One, when he saw the Chief approaching, went out to meet him. And Koloani spoke to Chuaani by the way, and told him what he had heard concerning the village of Moali, and what he had done with the Five Young Men, and the Two.

And Koloani said, "There is much to be done, Chuaani, Man of My House, and first as concerns thine own safety and thy village. Call again thy Old Men and Councillors and consider this thing. But for me, I have been sore buffeted this day so that my head is numb and there is nothing clear before my eyes. Take thou, therefore, the direction of all things until I come again refreshed to the Council."

And Chuaani led the Chief at once to his sabolo, and Jamba also went in with them. The Chief cast himself down upon a mat, and Chuaani went out again to the Place of Council.

CHAPTER XIII

"THE DOG THAT ALWAYS LOOKS DOWN STEALS FAT FROM THE POTS"

Now Jamba, the son of Bama, loved a maiden of the House of Hangi, whose name was Mamalubi. But the hand of the maiden, while she was yet a child, had been promised by her father to one Sopanto, a man of Kundu; and so, because that the maiden loved Jamba and did not love Sopanto, there was vexation in this thing.

Sopanto was a man counted very wealthy. His cattle and his goats were in hundreds, and his asses were many; also, his Wives were three and each Wife had been fruitful to him and his House was large. And Sopanto dwelt as Head of the village Moata, which was not far from Nilisetsi.

Hangi also, the father of Mamalubi, was a man of standing and Head of the village Botsabi, which had Koloani for Chief. But he was of great meanness and a miser. And Hangi had

looked with envy upon the riches of Sopanto; upon his cattle and upon his goats.

Now it had so been that when Sopanto had looked upon the young girl, Mamalubi, and seen that she would grow fair and desirable, and knew the family of Hangi that it was of high standing, he spoke to Hangi and said, "Come, let us speak of thy daughter, the young child Mamalubi."

"He weeps with one eye."

And the heart of Hangi was glad at this saying, yet made he pretence and said, "The child is very young and it is too soon to speak of her."

But Sopanto said, "Nay; to-day is with us already, but the wise man considers his House, what it shall be. Thou knowest, Hangi, that my wives are three; now Mamafi, daughter of Suvaan, the Swazi, will come to me in the third summer, and for thy daughter, Mamalubi, she will complete my House when she is of a right age."

And Hangi said, "I will speak to the child's

mother, and when thou comest again we will talk of this thing."

So Hangi spoke to Mamaoala, the mother of Mamalubi, and Mamaoala thought also, The thing is good for my child, for Sopanto is rich; surely my child will live happily at the House of Sopanto.

And when Hangi and Mamaoala had considered the thing they said that that which Sopanto should bring to them because of their daughter should be fifty head of cattle; of young cows and of oxen each a number.

And Mamaoala said, "Six summers must pass before my child shall go to Sopanto for a wife."

Now when Sopanto came again to the village, Botsabi, he spoke to Hangi and said, "Thou hast surely spoken to the mother of the child, Mamalubi, and know her mind on this matter. Is it good towards me?"

And Hangi said, "The mother of the child is not disposed against thee; but the child is dear in her sight and it is the mother's word that for six summers the child is to remain with her in her house."

And Sopanto said, "I am content that it shall be so." Then he asked, "And what is that which thou askest from me because of thy daughter?"

And when Hangi had told him he should bring fifty head of cattle, of young cows so many, and of oxen so many, Sopanto was surprised, for this was a great payment and more than usual.

But Sopanto was a proud man and would not bargain closely on a matter which concerned the honour of his House. When he had stood silent for a while he said, "It is good, Hangi, my friend! Now let us come to the people of thy House that this matter be openly spoken between us."

When Hangi had brought those of his people together who had interest in this thing, and the word had been spoken before them, and that which Sopanto should bring had been declared, Sopanto rose and said, "The bond is made, Hangi, between thee and me; and my people and thy people shall know of our word. And now I thank thee for thy fair dealing in the matter, for that which I must bring is surely a small thing to ask for such a maiden. And, Hangi, I will add to it; to-morrow will I send thee the best young

bull of my herd, and to Mamaoala a young cow, and the heifer calf of the cow is for Mamalubi, to be a token between us.

Then Sopanto made his greetings and went out; and those who had met together were astonished and looked at each other, for this manner of dealing was new to them and they felt small in their own sight.

And Sopanto did as he had said.

CHAPTER XIV

"THE FIG-TREE DOES NOT CALL THE BIRDS"

Now the Summers had come and the Winters had gone and the maiden, Mamalubi, had grown very beautiful, so that the heart of Sopanto was glad. And when Hangi had visited him and seen certain of his cows and admired them, he had sent them straightway to Hangi as part of that which he should bring.

And Mamalubi, the maiden, grew in wisdom also but considered nought of this matter, for it was usual; and her Heart said not Yea, neither said it Nay, for her heart spoke not in any way.

CHAPTER XV

"NO NEED TO TEACH A MONKEY HOW TO CLIMB"

Now the sixth summer was approaching and at the gathering-in of the corn, as was usual, there had been much beer made and there was feasting amongst the people.

And it happened on a day, towards the setting of the sun, that Mamalubi was returning from the lands with her serute—which is a basket made of grass—upon her head. The maiden was good to look upon. Tall had she grown, and strength and gracefulness were in her movement. Open was her face, and clear and bright as a morning in spring; and her eyes looked out straight and unafraid.

Her young breasts were a delight to the eyes of a man. As twin flowers were they; and the shade of the nipples was for kissing.

A string of white beads was round her neck,

and two light bangles upon her left wrist; and nought else wore she from the middle upwards, for the day was warm.

And from her hips behind hung the wilopi, the dressed skin cut to three corners, and the low corner reached to her calves. In front she wore the puriri—which is beaten bark made thickly into string, and when it is tied over the hips falls down upon the thighs to the span of a hand. And so was the maiden attired as was usual in that part.

Now, while yet a long way from the village, Mamalubi was stopped by two men, and when the maiden saw that the men had been drinking beer and were drunk she would have moved on, but the men stood before her.

When Mamalubi saw that the men would not let her go she looked about and saw one coming on the road, behind the men, close by. And when one of those who hindered her placed his hand upon her shoulder and would have touched her breasts she cried out and sprang to one side but the other of the men grasped her arm, and Mamalubi cried out again.

“There is blood in the dregs.”

And in a moment he who had been coming on the road was amongst them and, striking out with his sticks, felled the two men to the ground.

Now they who lay upon the ground were men of Moali, the chief village, who had visited Botsabi to drink beer; and when they looked up at him who had struck them they saw that it was Jamba, son of Bama, who was of much higher rank than they; and they were afraid. And when Jamba would have struck them again, he knew them and he was angry; but the men held up their hands and begged for mercy, so that the young man held his hand and ordered the men to return to their kraal.

Now Jamba, though scarce yet a man in years, was of good stature and strongly built. Swift in the race, and trained to arms from his boyhood, there was no young man in that part who could stand against him. But he was gentle and of a quiet manner.

The elder men of those villages gave him often for name, Bambala, for just so, they said, had

his father, the Warrior, been in his youth. And the heart of the young man was proud at this saying, for the fame of Bama was great in the land.

Now Jamba, on this day, had visited the village Botsabi, and was returning to his house at Moali; for there was no great distance between the villages. And the young man had a light blanket with him, but because the day was warm he had tied it loosely with a thong and hung it over his back. And Jamba had a bangle upon his right wrist; and he wore the munapi—which is a simple piece of skin tied over the hips and between the legs. And he carried two long fighting sticks in his hand, but nothing else wore he from his head to his feet. And the figure of the young man was pleasing to the eye.

And now, as he stood above the two men of a coarser kind, the grasp upon his sticks caused the strength of his arm and of his chest to show forth; and his eyes threw fire with his anger.

Now while Mamalubi looked upon the young man as he dealt with the two who had hindered her, she knew of a stirring at her heart which

was strange, and she knew not at first what it might mean. But it was as of a drawing towards the young man.

And when Jamba, having seen the men rise and go on their way, turned to the maiden and looked into her eyes, they both stood astonished and could not say a word. Then, as they stood thus looking, the lips of the maiden opened and gladness shone out from her face. And the heart of the young man throbbed violently; and, at that shining Love-beauty on the face of the maiden, his arms opened, and, all unable to hold away, the maiden was drawn in to his breast and their hearts struck together.

The two men moved quickly on their way and looked not back. The basket lay upon the ground, and the sticks, but the young man, Jamba, and the maiden, Mamalubi, knew nought of anything and could neither see nor think for the throbbing together of their hearts which met and clove and grew together as they stood. And the face of the maiden was pressed against the young man's shoulder.

And now, in a little while, the breast of the

maiden rose with a deep breath, and at this the Young Man looked upon her. And, gradually they drew apart, but by the sweet pain and rending of it they knew that their hearts were not as they had been, but that each had taken the heart of the other.

And now the maiden sank upon the ground where she was; nor had she again looked upon the face of the Young Man. And the thing was utterly strange to them both, and they were yet bewildered.

And the maiden crouched upon the ground, and Jamba, also, moved a few paces off and sank upon the ground; and so for a while they lay.

And the sun had set.

And now Jamba arose and went and lay down before the maiden, and put out his hand and touched her on her arm; and Mamalubi shivered and knew not what to do for that touch; and then Jamba spoke:

“Mamalubi.”

For they had known each other, who they were, and had often met in passing but they had never spoken together.

And the maiden could not speak, and Jamba said, "Blood of my Heart! come. The sun has set."

Then the maiden arose, yet all dazed, and took her basket, and Jamba gathered up his sticks and they walked slowly side by side towards the village; and they spoke not yet to each other because of the beating of their hearts.

But when they were come to the thorn bushes, which were close to the stream which ran by the village, they paused. And Jamba looked at the Maiden, and he said again, softly, "Mamalubi!"

And now, at last, the maiden turned and looked at the Young Man, and they were very close to each other and each saw nothing but the eyes of the other, and they looked deeply and lost themselves, for the depths were beyond all reaching. And while yet they looked, their lips met and they knew not how; nor how they parted, nor any other thing until the next day.

CHAPTER XVI

"THE DRIFT IS NEVER GOOD ON ALL SIDES"

Now when again, the next day, Jamba, the son of the Warrior, had met the maiden, Mamalubi, and afterwards many times, they knew that they could not live away from each other for that their hearts had mingled and were one.

So Mamalubi told this thing to her mother, Mamaoala, and when she had told her all they wept together, for they knew that Hangi would be of bitter heart and very angry at this hearing. But Mamalubi spoke to her mother and said, "Speak now to my father, and tell him this thing, for it must not be hidden."

And when Hangi had heard that his daughter, Mamalubi, loved the young man, Jamba, and that her face was against Sopanto, to be his wife, he was exceeding wroth. And Hangi swore an oath by his fathers that Mamalubi should go to Sopanto to wife as he had said.

And so there was vexation and bitterness in the House of Hangi.

CHAPTER XVII

"WHO FOLLOWS A WOMAN FALLS DOWN A KRANZ"

WITH the young man, Jamba, also, the custom of that country had not been changed, and while he was yet a boy his father, Bama, had spoken with one, Mafefu, a man of high standing, whose kraal was at a distance, and they had agreed that their Houses should be joined, and that Tinang, the daughter of Mafefu, should, at a right time, come to Jamba for a wife. And when Thoromati, the mother of Jamba, and Mapejan, the mother of Tinang, had also spoken in this thing, it was said that that which should be brought to the House of Mafefu because of his daughter should be twenty-five head of cattle, of young cows so many, and of oxen so many, and ten ewe goats of the first year.

Now Tinang, the daughter of Mafefu, grew up, and because of her father's estate she was very proud. She was pleasing to the eye but the heart

of the girl was vain. And Jamba visited her and saw that she was comely. And the maiden Tinang, also considered Jamba, that he was strong and pleasant to look upon, and they spoke together and were as young people are.

Only in this matter the heart of the maiden was not pleased that that which was to come to her father's House because of her was not a greater value. And the maiden said why was it not forty head of cattle, and that she was slighted and counted of little worth. But it was not so, for the number was as was usual in those parts. But the maiden was vain and thought if the value had been greater she would have counted higher in rank in her husband's house. And so it was at that time with Jamba and the maiden Tinang.

Now when, later, Jamba spoke to his father, Bama, and said, "I love the maiden, Mamalubi, daughter of Hangi and we have sworn to each other," Bama asked. "But what of Tinang, of the House of Mafefu, to whom thou art betrothed?"

And Jamba said, "I know not, my father; per-

chance when Tinang hears that my heart is to the daughter of Hangi she will turn her face against me."

But Bama the Warrior said, "I know not the mind of the maiden, but of Mafefu, her father, am I sure that he will not have change in this thing; for the girl may continue in his house to be a trouble to him."

And it was as Bama had said. Mafefu was wroth when he had been told, for it seemed to him that now he might not find one of a good House to take his daughter for a wife, and, also, that Tinang was now grown up and might bring trouble upon his House. And Mafefu said, "I will hold Bama to his word."

Tinang, also, was very angry, but her heart now leant towards Jamba, and the maiden said, "I must be first in the house of Jamba, and if he take Mamalubi to wife also, she must wait upon me."

So there was vexation also between the House of Bama the Warrior and the House of Mafefu.

But Bama had not anger against his son, Jamba, for he knew that the young man was honourable.

CHAPTER XVIII

*"THE LITTLE FOUNTAIN AHEAD MAKES ONE
VERY THIRSTY"*

WITH Sopanto, also, of the village Moali, when he came to hear of this thing it was as a thorn in his flesh.

But Sopanto was a man of much wisdom and calmness and he considered the matter with himself. He spoke not hastily, neither made he any quick movement.

But Sopanto knew not that because of his heart his eyes would deceive him; for he had come to think much of the maiden Mamalubi, of her beauty and of her manner.

And Sopanto spoke with himself and said, "The maiden has shown a pleasant face towards me and her heart is not against me; and there is whatever she can desire in my house. Whereas with the young man, Jamba, he is of good family, but Bama is not wealthy and his sons are

many to provide for, and there are no daughters in his House to enrich him.

“The face of Hangi, also, is towards me and against Jamba, for he knows the young man could not bring that which he asks because of his daughter.

“Now, the maiden says she will not come to me because of her love for Jamba, but Mamalubi is young and, surely, this is but a maiden’s first fancy. The young man is comely and of good promise, but there will be much reaping of corn before he can build a House according to his rank; and the maiden is already of a right age.

“Water is never tired of flowing.”

“Nay! Mamalubi has spoken well with me, and I am yet of full vigour and not ill to look upon; and for the pleasant ways of her life in my house the maiden will be glad and love me, and this other thing will quickly pass from her mind. Surely it will be good for the maiden, also, that I hold to this thing.”

And Sopanto spoke all this over again and

many other like things, and his wisdom was utterly foolish because he knew not the heart of a maiden to read it in any way.

And so it was with all these families; there was confusion and much talking amongst them. Only with Jamba, the son of Bama, and Mama-lubi, the maiden, was there peace because of the love in their hearts and that they would not consider any other thing.

CHAPTER XIX

*"THE CHILDREN OF ONE MOTHER SHARE THE
HEAD OF A LOCUST BETWEEN THEM"*

Now when Jamba saw the Chief cast himself down upon the mat in the hut of Chuaani, the Hairy One, because of his great weariness, and knew that he would sleep, he stepped quickly forward and the Chief saw him; and Koloani said, "What is it with thee, Jamba, my son? Surely thou art tired also and wilt sleep."

And Jamba said, "My Lord! My heart yearns towards the maiden Mamalubi, of the House of Hangi of Botsabi, and the maiden will be troubled because of me and will fear that it is with me even as with my father's house.

"Let me go now, Father of Ours, that I may see the maiden, and I will return again quickly."

And Koloani, the Chief said, "Jamba, thou art now my son, for Bama, the Great One, has gone, and my children have been taken from me. Look towards me now in all things, and if thy heart

is towards this maiden of the House of Hangi I will deal in the matter as though thou wert of my House. And when these Clouds have passed there shall be feasting because of thee and thy maiden.

“Do now as thou wilt, but be Watchful and take heed as thou goest, for an enemy is in the land.”

Then Jamba gave thanks to the Chief and said, “Farewell, My Father! To-morrow I will come again.”

Then Jamba took his spears and his war club, and he took his blanket also, and set forth. And he ran and travelled quickly, but the night was still young, and when he had come to the corn-land which belonged to the village Botsabi he chose him a place in the lands and spread his blanket and laid down to sleep—for the corn had been cut from the stalks and no one would come there. And the young man laid his spears on one side close to his hand, and his club was fastened by a thong to his wrist.

And Jamba had much in his mind, but for three days he had taken little rest and now his

eyes were heavy so that he slept quickly. But the young man had lain him down on his blanket and had not drawn it over him so that with the cool breeze which came with the Dawn he stirred in his sleep, then opened his eyes. And in a moment the son of the Warrior was awake again.

Now Jamba rose warily and looked around him, and when he saw that all was still he took up his blanket and moved quickly forward until he came to the thorn bushes which were close to the stream which ran by the village Botsabi. And here Jamba waited, for he knew that soon the women and girls of the village would come to the stream with their pots for water.

Now Jamba knew some of the girls who were Friends of Mamalubi and, he thought, "I will find one to take word to my love." But he thought it not well to show himself, for the face of Hangi was against him and he knew that Hangi was a mean man.

And now, even before the Sun had risen, began the women of the kraal and the girls to come for water. They came by the footpaths down to the stream and walked always one behind the

other with their clay pots or bowls upon their heads.

The women wore the Wilopi, the hide cut to three corners, behind; and before, from the hips downwards, they wore the Tipito—which is the full skin of a goat, dressed. And many had great weight of bangles upon their wrists and their ankles, and some wore circlets as thick as a man's thumb, round their necks, made with beads. Others had narrow copper bands on their arms above the elbow, and thick, heavy rings around the neck.

And when they came to the stream some went up the stream and some went down; and they leant over and took water in their pots and then they took sand in their hands and scraped it against the inside of the pots to clean them; then, when they had washed the outside of the pots also that they should be pleasing to the eye, they went to holes which had been dug out in the sand, away from the place of washing, and with their calabash ladles they scooped the water which filtered into the holes and which was cold and clean.

The young girls sang and the women talked, and there was much noise.

When the pots were filled they took them on their heads and sometimes, when the bowls were large and very heavy, two would raise a bowl together and one would bend under and take the bowl upon her head, and then she with the pot on her head would bend down and place her hands under the other pot on the ground and so this would be raised also to the head of the other girl. And when they were ready they returned to their huts again, one behind the other.

CHAPTER XX

"THE POINT OF THE NEEDLE MUST PASS FIRST"

Now Jamba watched the path which led from the sabolo of Hangi and presently his face smiled and his heart leaped, for he saw the maiden, Mamalubi, coming along the path, and her bowl was on her head.

But Jamba saw that the step of the maiden was heavy and that a sadness was upon her; and the young man put force upon himself that he sprang not forward to meet her.

When Mamalubi came to the stream she went not with the others at once to wash her bowl but sat down a little way off. And the heart of Jamba strove within him as he looked upon the maiden, for he saw that there was darkness upon her spirit.

And now when the others who had come down with her had drawn their water they spoke to her kindly, and one would have taken her bowl

to wash it; but she would not, and spoke and asked them to leave her awhile and she would come after. Then Mamalubi took her pot and went to the stream and the others went up.

And Jamba had made no sign because he saw that Mamalubi would not go up with the others.

Now when the maiden came to the stream the bowl dropped from her hand into the water, and even as Jamba called her name she had cast herself down upon the sand. And Jamba called again, "Mamalubi," not loudly, but so that she should hear. And at that word the maiden sprang to her knees and clasped her hands tightly to her heart; and when she saw Jamba standing by the bushes she was overcome with joy and could not move.

Then the arms of the young man went out and he would have gone forward, but the maiden called softly and said, "Stay where thou art, my Love! I am coming." And she took her bowl quickly from the stream and looked around and, seeing nobody, she sprang across the stream and up the bank and in a moment was clasped to the young man's breast.

Now, as though in great fear, Mamalubi drew the young man deeper into the bushes, and not until they had come to a place where none other would come by chance did the maiden pause.

Then Mamalubi said, "O my Life! Why hast thou come to this place? The strength of my heart has brought thee to this peril." And the maiden struck herself upon the breast with her hand.

And Jamba said, "Cruel One! It was, then, my own heart which called; and how could I stay away?" And at this word the face of Mamalubi shone with a great love; and they drew very near to each other, and Mamalubi said, "My Lord!" and this was the first time the maiden had so called the young man, and it was as a new troth between them.

Then Jamba sat down upon the grass and Mamalubi knelt by him, and took his head and pressed it against her bosom that he might hear the beating of her heart.

Then Mamalubi spoke again and said, "My Love! Hear my word. The danger here is great! Yesterday morning came one from Moali

crying out that Koloani, the Chief, had been slain in the night with all his House; and Monokang with all his House; and Bama the Warrior with all his House. O my Love! My Love! I heard no more, but ran to my mother's hut and fell before the door, and I was brought in; and afterwards my mother called the messenger and asked him concerning thee and he said—and my heart blessed him—that thy father, the Great One, and thy brothers had been slain in their places but that nought was known concerning thee. Then I knew that thou wast alive.

“And later came one again saying the Chief was not slain, but that he had seen him and brought word from him; and when he had spoken in the Council I entreated my Mother, and she brought beer and called the man to drink because he had run in the way.

“And when I came from the house and he saw me his eyes smiled and he spoke quickly and said, ‘Thy lover lives and is with the Chief,’ and, O my Heart! remember that man to be good to him, for he brought great gladness to me. He

is Ratupi, of the House of Laku, and I have already been of service to him, for while he was yet before my mother's house came five men from Moali. And three of them were men of Koloani and two were men of Kundu. They brought word from the Chief Kundu to Hangi, my father. And when my father had heard the message he came with Puluputi, my uncle, and they entered into the house."

"When the bush is alight the pigeon leaves the grass."

"Now I was at the back of the house close to the wall and I heard them speaking together. And their speech was towards Kundu and against the Chief Koloani. And at that I listened closely, and presently Hangi, my father, said, 'The words of Kundu are good and we must make haste to welcome him. Koloani has fled, and he is as a lion whose great teeth have been drawn, for Moali with all its spears has gone over to Kundu. Return thou, therefore, Puluputi, with the men of Kundu and give our greeting to the Great Chief. And tell him, also, the word which we have heard from Koloani and that he is with his uncle Chu-

aani, the Hairy One, and so we shall win favour with Kundu.

“At these words I came again quickly to the young man, Ratupi, and I told him that my father was now against the Chief Koloani and was sending to welcome Kundu. And, when he had heard, Ratupi rose at once and took his spears and his blanket and I led him out from the village by a back way and he went into the hills.”

“You have held a buffalo by the horn for me.”

“And when my father came afterwards and made search for the young man, and could not find him he was angry.

“And Hangi, my father, took five head of oxen from the kraal and sent these with Puluputi to be an offering to Kundu and as meat for his warriors.”

And now Mamalubi said, “Thou seest, Crown of my Head! that an Evil Spirit is upon this place, and if thou art discovered my father would never let thee go. Mine eyes have seen thee, my Love, my Chief! fear not now for me.

“This morning was I of broken spirit, and

the world was grey, for my father had taunted me and said, 'Jamba, thy lover, shalt thou never see more, and Sopanto shall come quickly to claim thee.' But his words were false, for I have seen thee, O Heart of my Heart! and the Good Spirits watch over us."

Then Jamba drew his maiden strongly towards him and spoke lovingly to her and said, "Sweet and tender art thou. Delight of my Eyes! and thy voice is as the gentle breeze upon the corn, yet art thou brave as a warrior. Open is thy face and true thy tongue, yet art thou very wise." And Jamba caressed her and kissed her eyes and her brow, and he kissed her upon the mouth.

Then Mamalubi drew herself away and stood up, and Jamba stood up also, and Jamba said, "Now will I return to Koloani, our good Chief, who is now my father and who also looks kindly upon thee; fear not again for me for thy love gives me the strength of ten. Every morn at sunrise I will look towards Botsabi and call thee; and my heart within thy bosom will speak. Now, Blood of my Heart! Farewell."

CHAPTER XXI

*"HE WHO IS PIERCED WITH A THORN MUST
LIMP OFF TO HIM WHO HAS A KNIFE"*

WHEN they had for the last time embraced, Jamba took his way through the bushes to the cornlands, and when he saw that there were no men about that part he came to the broad footpath, and springing high into the air the son of Bama shook his spears and grunted deeply in his chest, for he knew that there was man's work before him.

Then he sprang lightly forward on his toes and ran. And soon the war song came to him, and he chanted the war song as he ran, and at every ending the young warrior leaped high in the air and shook his spears and lunged forward and sideways, as though the enemy was before him. The blood ran hot in the young man's veins and he saw only red before him; for he had to avenge his father's House.

And so continued Jamba, the son of the War-

rior, and travelled quickly and stopped not from running until he came close to the village Tlapakun, the Place of Black Rocks, where the Chief was with Chuaani, the Hairy One.

Now it was before the turn of the day when Jamba came again to the village of Chuaani, and there were some outside the gates who told him that the Hairy One was in the Place of Council and that the Old Men were with him; for that men had come from Moali, from the Chief Kundu, and had brought word to Chuaani from that Chief. But the Chief Koloani was not at the council, but was in the house of Chuaani. So when Jamba came into the village he went straightway to the house of Chuaani to make known his presence to the Chief.

When Jamba came to the sabolo the Chief was in the courtyard before the house; and Jamba struck his hands together and said, "My father, I have come again."

And Koloani turned to the young man and smiled when he saw him. And the Chief said, "Hast thou fared well, my son? Were there

not thorns in the path? And did thy maiden greet thee kindly?"

And Jamba said, "There were none to hinder me by the way, O Chief. And Mamalubi had wept for me, but now is comforted. Brave and beautiful is she, my father."

And Koloani said, "Thou also art brave, son of Bama, and good to look upon; and with Love in thy house Chiefs will envy thee. But thou hast more to say."

And Jamba answered sorrowfully, "I will tell it quickly, O Chief! for it is ill news. Messengers from the enemy have been to Hangi, Head of Botsabi, thy village and he has sent his brother with a gift to Kundu. Five oxen he gave, and offered greeting to Kundu; and, to win favour with that Fighter-in-the-Dark, Hangi has sent word that thou, O Chief! art here with Chuaani. This was done before the setting of last night's moon."

"The old bowl always smells of the milk."

And the Chief said, "Is it even so? Yet Hangi was ever known as a coward and of mean heart. There are men of Kundu here from Moali who

came in last night, and they await word from Chuaani. But they know not that I am here."

And Koloani said, "Go rest thee now. Thy word from Hangi of Botsabi has shown me the road, and it is a long one."

They sent Koloani to call the Hairy One, and when Chuaani stood before him the Chief said, "Hear, my uncle! Jamba, Son of Bama, has come in from Botsabi and brings the greetings of the scorpion from that village.

"Hangi, eater-of-dirt, has scraped his belly to our enemy, Kundu, and has sent word to him that I am here with thee at Tlapakun. This word had Kundu with the moon last night; even now Boka-lobi, his general, will be preparing all his force to come against me quickly.

"We will not fight, my uncle! Neither will I see thee and thy village destroyed because of me. The signs are against me at this time."

And Koloani, the Chief, said, "Rememberest thou the word of Makalokolo, the Wizard, which he read in his Letters, 'The roused wolf ranges far alone'? It is even so. We cannot stand against him at this time.

“There is but one road for me. I will take Jamba, son of Bama, and a few of those who would come with me, and go to those White People who have kept the land in peace these many seasons. And I will tell all this evil unto them.

“And thou, my uncle, speak well with Kundu, that he trouble thee not and thy village. Send this word unto all the people privately; to the Head Men of the kraals. Let them be wise in this matter. In a little while those White Men will be here, with their horses and their guns, and these troublers will be swept away.”

And Koloani said, “Speak this, my word, quickly with thy Old Men, and then, my uncle, have those five men from Moali brought to the Place of Council; and send me word for I will speak with Kundu also.” And Chuaani went out.

CHAPTER XXII

"STOLEN HORNS DO NOT STICK ON THE HEAD"

Now when Chuaani, the Hairy One, came to the Khothla and gave the word of the Chief to the Old Men and Councillors, they saw wisdom in that which Koloani had said.

Then Chuaani sent one to bring the men who had come from Moali, from the Chief Kundu. And this one went to a large hut which stood apart and had a wall built round it, and he found the five men in the yard between the wall and the hut. The hut was well made and comfortable, for there were mats and skins about and stools to sit upon, and water was there in pots, and all that was needful; and the men had been kept there and food had been brought to them. But the men might not move about the village or talk with the people.

Now he who had been sent spoke to the five men and they took up their blankets and fol-

lowed him. And when they were come to the Khothla, Chuaani went out and came quickly to the Chief and told him.

Then the Chief took a kaross which Chuaani, his uncle, had given him, and drew it under his right arm and fastened it over his left shoulder. And the kaross was made of the skin of a large tiger, and around the tiger skin were the skins of twelve jackals. The kaross was very beautiful, and such as a Chief will wear.

And Koloani came to the Place of Council and Chuaani, the Hairy One, walked behind the Chief.

Now, when Koloani entered through the gate to the Place of Council, all those who were there stood up and struck their hands together, as is their way, and greeted the Chief with fine words and titles also.

But the men who had come from the Chief Kundu were sore afraid; two, who were from the village Nilisetsi, also stood up and struck their hands together, and said, "Chief! Chief!" But three, who were from the village Moali, threw themselves upon their faces to the ground and looked not up again, for they had thought their

Chief was dead, and now Koloani stood before them. And they were utterly ashamed and afraid for their lives.

Now, Koloani entered not in the Place of Council to sit down, as is the way, but stood within the gate only.

And Koloani looked round first upon the Old Men and the Councillors, and then looked the Chief upon the two men who had brought word to Chuaani from Kundu, but the three upon the ground the Chief saw not, neither did his eyes once rest upon them.

And Koloani spoke to the two men of the Chief Kundu and said:

“Hear, ye men of Kundu, and take my words to your Chief and say, ‘From Koloani, Chief of Moali, and its villages and land, to Kundu. Thou hast come in the night, stealthily, as becomes thy name well, and hast fallen upon my House and upon the Houses of my Friends. Thou hast slain them; men of honour and their sons! In the darkness it was done.

“‘And thou hast lied to my people, and with cunning entered into Moali, my village.

“ ‘ This all thou hast done, Kundu, Creeper by Night! But it is against me, Koloani, that thou hast worked this evil and not against my People. Neither will I cause this nation to destroy itself by fighting the one against the other. Rather shall those White People who have decided between me and thee come again and bring peace to the land by utterly destroying thee and thy House, and laying thy place bare.

“ ‘ I go now to bring my charge against thee to the White Men and to make known that which thou hast done. Kundu! “ The thief eats thunderbolts.” Beware of me when I come again.’ ”

And Koloani said to the two men, “ These, my words, bring to Kundu, and let him prepare quickly, for before the rising of the moon I shall be far upon my way.”

Then the Chief looked round once more upon the Old Men. And he turned to Chuaani, the Hairy One, and said, “ Remain in peace, Chuaani, my uncle, thou and all this people.” And Koloani went out from the Place of Council, and Chuaani followed after the Chief.

CHAPTER XXIII

"HUNGER BRINGS THE CROCODILE OUT OF THE WATER"

Now when they came to the sabolo of Chuaani, Koloani said, "Return thou, my uncle, and let the men be kept here until I have set forth. Place good food before them, and drink, that their bellies speak well of thee.

"And speak thou and thy Old Men even lightly of me before them; and bow thy head before Kundu, and send presents to him by men of thy council. It must be so. I go now to prepare and will send for thee when I am ready."

And Chuaani, the Hairy One, came again to the Khothla, and did as the Chief had said. And he gave orders, and a fat goat was brought in and shown to the men, and the goat was then taken out and killed to be meat for them.

Then Chuaani called two of the Councillors by name, and they went out; and Chuaani said, "Ye have heard the word of the Chief, will ye go

with him?" And the two spoke together and said, "We will go with the Chief."

And Chuaani said, "It is good. Seek ye now ten men of valour and understanding for a guard, that the Chief shall not go unattended. When ye are ready send word."

One of these councillors was Matauw, a man of great strength and stature; and the other was Spalodi, of the House of Sepeke, a man of high rank. And Matauw had knowledge of the White Tongue to speak it, for he had served the White People for money, and had dwelt at their places.

And Chuaani, the Hairy One, returned again to the Place of Council, for the men were still there; and meat, on the skin of the goat, was brought in and put before the men, and a fire was quickly made; and the men took sticks with sharp points, and on one end they stuck pieces of meat, and the other end was forced into the ground so that the meat would be over the fire. And corn-meal which had been cooked was brought in bowls by women.

The women then brought in a great clay pot

which was full of beer made from corn, and this, also, they placed before the men.

Then, when the women had gone out, Chuaani took the ladle which floated on the beer in the pot, and when he had cleared away the froth from the beer, Chuaani dipped the ladle in and filled it, and drank all the beer that was in the ladle that not a drop remained.

This is a ceremony of those people, and it has a name which means "Taking the poison out," and without this doing the strangers would not have drunk of the beer.

When Chuaani had quite finished he handed the ladle to the first of the five men, and they all, in turns, drank of the beer. And they took the meat and the meal together in their hands and ate heartily. And Chuaani went out again.

And the Old Men and those in the Council spoke well with the two men of the Chief, Kundu, and shook their heads and clicked their tongues when speaking of the Chief, Koloani, and spoke lightly of him. But this they did for a purpose.

CHAPTER XXIV

*"WHEN THE JACKAL CROSSES A MEADOW HE
CURLS HIS TAIL DOWN"*

WHEN Chuaani came again to his house the Chief, and Jamba with him, stood within the gate, and Chuaani said, "Two men of my Council will go with thee, O Chief: Matauw, a man of strength and wise in action, whom thou knowest, and Spalodi, of the House of Sepeke; and with them, also, ten men of valour to obey thy word."

And the Chief said, "My good uncle! I thank thee."

While they were yet speaking came Spalodi and Matauw, and with them the ten men whom they had chosen, and they stood before the Chief and saluted him. And Koloani looked upon the men and knew that they were men of knowledge and good standing. Each man held two spears and two sticks, and his blanket was on his shoulder.

Now, when all was ready, The Chief Koloani turned to Chuaani, the Hairy One, and said, "Be

watchful, Man of My House. Rest ever on the hill-top that nothing can move without thou seest it. Trust not Kundu, for his face will be against thee because of me. Send word quickly of all doings which are of concern to me, and my word shall also come to thee. Now, farewell, till I come again."

Then Koloani, the Chief, and Chuaani, the Hairy One, struck their hands together, and Chuaani said, "Go in good way, Chief of Thy House! It shall be as thou hast said."

Then Koloani stepped forward, and Jamba followed close behind the Chief, and Spalodi and Matauw were with him, and the ten men came on behind them.

Chuaani, the Hairy One, went also a little way. And they went out from the village at the back not to be seen of the people, who would have made talk of what they had seen. And when they came outside the village Chuaani stood and raised his right arm, and the Chief and those went forward upon their way.

.

Now, in a little, when the Five Men from

Moali had done with eating and drinking, Chuaani, the Hairy One, came again to the Place of Council, and had six head of oxen brought.

And Chuaani spoke to the two men of Kundu the Chief, and said, "Return now, ye Men of Nilisetsi, to the Great Chief, Kundu and say that which ye have seen and heard at this place.

"As ye know, I am of the House of Koloani, and near, also, to Kundu, Bull of Elephants. Koloani came to me and I gave him place to sleep and to rest him, and I placed food before him.

"It is the foot of a baboon."

"Now ye have heard his word and he has gone his way; for I am near to him in blood and might not hinder him. But Koloani was not born to rule as Chief, and could not keep that which was given him. As a poor man who has become rich by sudden fortune, he sported with his Wives and considered not his affairs.

"But Kundu is Chief born, and this Land and this People are his; and, as a strong water sweeps away that which divides the river, so he has made this nation one again to rule over it.

“Take, now, my greeting, and the greeting of this village to Kundu and say that our hearts are with him in this thing; and that we look not to that Wanderer any more to consider him.

“And three from my Council shall return with ye to speak for this Village before the Chief and to hear the Word of the Chief, Kundu.”

Then Chuaani spoke with the Men of his Council, and three men of good family stepped out and went to their huts and came again with their blankets—but they brought no spears with them.

And Chuaani gave them the six head of oxen which were to be as a present to the Chief, Kundu. And when he had given them his last word the men from Moali stood up and gave greeting to Chuaani, the Hairy One, and went out from the Khothla and from the village by the Great Gate; and went on their way to return to Moali, where the Chief, Kundu, still was.

CHAPTER XXV

"CAUTION COMES AFTER RECEIVING A WOUND"

"Famine compels one to eat the fruit of all sorts of trees."

Now, Koloani, the Chief, and those with him, when they had gone round by the Black Rocks came not again to the road, but continued straight on into the low hills which are for a border between Moali and that Land which belonged to another Chief, whose name was Kamalubi. This they did because they had not good faith in all the people of those parts; and that they should not meet men of Kundu who might have been sent against them.

And they travelled with great speed, so that with the setting of the moon they had come to the valley which is called Manganita; and nought had hindered them by the way.

When they had entered into the valley and had come to a part where bushes are thick, Koloani said, "We will rest here, my brothers, until

the turn of the night, and then go on until we come to the Matsusi." And they said, "It is good, O Chief."

Then some of the men cleared a space and they all cast down their blankets, and when they had eaten of the meat which they had brought, they lay down with their spears beside them and slept.

The ten men, also, slept close to them; but by twos they kept watch through the night; and no fire was made at that place.

"Sleep has no friendship."

About the turn of the night one of those who kept watch went to Matauw and spoke to him; and he sat up and, seeing that it was time, he spoke aloud, and all those with him were at once awake and quickly on their feet. When they had drawn their blankets around them the Chief gave word, and two of the men led the way out from the bushes.

Now there were stars in the sky, but the night was dark so that they could not travel quickly, and at the breaking of the day they were yet far

from the Matsusi. But now they moved with greater speed, and presently they came to a path, and the Chief said they might hold the path; and this went down to the bottom of the valley to the stream which is called Nuka. And here they stopped and threw water upon their faces, and drank.

Then Koloani gave a sign, and Spalodi and Matauw and the others moved quietly along the path.

Now, in a little, they came to the end of the valley, Manganita, where the stream, Nuka, runs into the river Matsusi and when they were at the river they paused only to roll their blankets round their spears and sticks, then, holding the blankets over their heads, they entered the river and crossed over.

The Matsusi is a wide river, and deep, and is held as a border between the Land of the White People and the Land of the Black People. And when Koloani and those had crossed the river they had no longer fear of the Chief, Kundu.

So now they went up a little way from the

river and sat under a tree upon the grass. And the Chief sat up against the tree, and Spalodi and Matauw and Jamba sat near him. But the ten men who were with them sat a little distance from them.

CHAPTER XXVI

"THE MOUTH IS THE SISTER OF THE ROAD"

Now, when they had spoken of the way and knew how they should go from this place on, Koloani, the Chief, turned his face to Spalodi and said, "Son of Sepeke! Thou hast fame as one learned in many things and of a pleasant tongue, so that meat will become cold in the hand of a man while he listens to thee. While we rest here let us not feed upon our troubles, but do thou tell us of that which comes to thy mind."

Then Spalodi, when he had thought a little what kind of telling would be well for this time and pleasing to the Chief, looked up into the tree, and sitting with his legs crossed before him began to sing softly.

But as the Spirit of the Song came on him his arms began to move, and he swayed as he sat; and sometimes his eye flashed and his hands clenched tightly; and sometimes his voice was soft and low, and then swelled with words of

triumph; and now there would be jeering in his tone and scorn, and, again, pity.

And sometimes the words would be short and hard—and then Spalodi hummed from his chest between the words—and then they would come rippling like water between the stones. But the time and the movement were in the song, for Spalodi had music within him.

And this was the Song of Spalodi which he sang to Koloani, the Chief.

THE SONG OF SPALODI

Sopadi! Sopadi!

Sing of Sopadi.

Sopadi the son of Bok, the son of Phuti,

The son of Moramok who threw the ox.

Sing of Sopadi. The lion of strength.

He slew the Nogankulu,¹

Alone he slew the Mighty One.

The Long One. The fearsome One.

The Mighty Snake.

Who looks on Nogankulu?

Swift was he and fierce.

¹ Pronounce Nóga-nkúlu.

What was like him for strength?
He crushed the young ox,
He swallowed the roe.
Fly! Fly from Nogankulu,
The Mighty Snake.
He is fearsome to behold.
The length of three tall men is he,
Thick is he as the thigh of a man.
As a tree for strength.
The long one. The fearsome one.
Give way for Nogankulu.
He looks upon the deer and it is bound,
The young deer stands before him.
Look not upon his eye!
Black and small is the eye of Nogankulu
But a mighty chain to bind.
Ha! Devil! why art thou here?
The evil spirit of a man.
A murderer! A tyrant! A slayer of men!
By men must thou be slain.
And where to, then, foul spirit?

.
The Chief has called for Sopadi.
Phalot, the Chief of Kalaming.

Ho! Sopadi. Ho! Sopadi, the Chief is calling.

Who is this coming to the Chief?

The men look upon him.

Sopadi the son of Bok, the son of Phuti,

The son of Moramok who threw the ox.

'Tis good to look on a tall man,

Straight and tall and shapely made,

Clean in his stride. Supple and free.

Sopadi, the son of Bok!

Turn again to see him.

Deep is his chest. His voice hangs in the air.

Beauty and strength are in his limbs.

As a young lion he.

Happy art thou, Phalot!

Sopadi, of thy House, comes before thee.

The Chiefs will envy thee thy man.

Spoke Phalot, the Chief,

"Sopadi, Man of Ours! hear me!

Take greeting to Mantapi,

Chief of Kwanu, by the Stream.

When they bring thee to the Chief

Say Phalot greets him.

Place thy right hand on thy brow,

Touch thy navel with thy left.
Should he question,
Fold thine arms and stand.
The Chief will know my meaning.
He will read the signs.
I call thee, Mona 'Hesu,
That the message shall be swift.
White or red depends on thee,
Peace upon the land or woe."

.

Sing of Sopadi.
As the deer for fleetness.
Tireless went he as the wolf.
In his hand his spear.
Two sticks had he and a spear.
A great way was it to the river
Where was the village Kwanu.
His kaross was at his back
Rolled and fastened with a thong.
Of jackal skins and many rabbit skins
He made his kaross.
Sopadi the son of Bok.
Who could run with Sopadi?
He sang upon the way a war song,

Of love sang he also,
Humming deeply in his chest.
Running lightly on the path
By Popali through the bush.
Who could pass Sopadi?
Seek not the print of his heel.
Sopadi, the fleet one! Strong and swift.
Over the rugged hills where the trees are few,
Down the broken path to the plain;
Sopadi sang upon the way.
Straight is the path to Mosiletsi.
Little Water, shallow and slow.
The path goes with the stream,
The village is near.
Mangeni, the village of Pamambi,
Whose people are few.
The path goes with the stream
And the rock is in the way.
The great rock, round and smooth.
It lies upon the bank. It cuts the path.
How came the great rock there?
It stands alone.
Higher than two men, and round;
Oxen could not move it,

The path goes round the great rock
Near to the stream.
Sopadi sang upon the way.
Red was the blood in his veins, and strong.
In his right hand was his spear.
Noiseless were his feet. Springing on his toes.
Never pausing at the rock
He kept the path in his stride.
Ha! Nogankulu!
Sing of Sopadi.
Sopadi the son of Bok, the son of Phuti.
He stepped upon the Great Snake.
The Long One. The Fearsome One.
How swift was the movement!
How terrible and swift.
Sopadi and the Great Snake.
The coils shot up,
In a movement of the eye around him.
The sticks were gone.
Thy fathers watched thee, Sopadi.
Bok and Phuti and Moramok.
They fought with thee.
His left hand grasped the neck.
Nogankulu! Nogankulu! Thou art held by a man.

Could twelve men hold the great snake?
His chest was free and his arms.
Thy fathers watched over thee.
Once the spear drove through the coil.
Flung to the ground and thrown in the air.
The spear was gone.
Both hands grasped the neck.
The coils were round his legs,
How tight they pressed him.
As under a great rock:
As held within the drying hide.
Hold, Sopadi: keep the head down.
How they strain!
They roll upon the ground.
Ha! Nogankulu, thy head has it.
The tail flies out.
What a whirlwind is it now!
Can a man live in it?
They stand. They fall.
They fly in the air.
Why don't you bite, Nogankulu?
Is your head held?
'Tis only a man who holds you!
Dashed down again.

Thy mouth is full of sand, Nogankulu.
See the great body writhing and thrashing;
The length of three tall men is he.
Sing of Sopadi.
Whirled around, crushed and bruised;
No pause is here for breath.
Keep tight thy hands.
Snake and Man. Man and Snake.
There is no tree near, Nogankulu!
The Rock is smooth; it is too large for thee.
Roll and lash and twist and heave.
No sound made Sopadi.
His legs were dead.
Ha! Nogankulu thy head is crushed.
Can a man fight with the great snake?
Sopadi held the neck.
With every fall the head was crushed;
He drove it into the ground;
The weight of his body crushed it.
What was his weight to Nogankulu?
As the weight of a stick to a man.
Great was the rage of Nogankulu.
High in the air flung he round.
The sand rose as a cloud.

Dashed to the ground five strides away,

Sopadi held the neck.

Ho! for the strength of Sopadi.

What is a man in the coils of the great snake?

He crushed the young Ox against the tree!

There is no tree here, Nogankulu.

Lashing and writhing. Again in the air.

Ho! Nogankulu. Why don't you look?

On the edge of the bank they fall,

They roll down into the water.

Terrible is the fight.

Faint not, Sopadi; Man of might!

Thou shalt overcome the evil spirit.

The stream runs on a rocky bed.

Sopadi held the neck.

He crushes the head on the rock.

The jaws are broken and the head is smashed;

Soft and pulpy is the head,

Why don't you die, Nogankulu? You have no
head.

Flung round again. Not a moment still.

There is blood in thy stream, Mosiletsi.

Sopadi and the Great Snake.

Their blood mixes in the water.

But now there is no dust;
The water showers round.
Bruised and battered is Sopadi.
Hold on with thy hands!
Nogankulu! Nogankulu! How is it with thee?
Thou Fearsome One!
Canst thou fight without a head?
The spear has pierced thee also.
Ha! Nogankulu, thy strength wanes;
Thou writhest on the ground;
Sopadi holds thy head beneath his chest;
He grinds it on the rock.
Sing of Sopadi. Sing of Sopadi.
Sopadi the son of Bok, the son of Phuti,
The son of Moramok who threw the ox.

.

There is shouting of men;
They spring down upon the snake.
Ho! Nogankulu, thou Mighty One!
Can men hold thy body?
He flings them round. They fall about.
Again they come.
There are many. And with great weight they
hold thee;

And thy strength is gone, Mighty Snake.

.

One who herded goats saw Sopadi,
Heard his song and watched him go.
He saw the fight commence,
Shouting, ran to Mangeni.
Three stones' throw was the village.
Called the men and brought them
Five stones' throw back to the stream.
Does it seem a little while?
Go, then! Ask Sopadi.

.

They cut the head from Nogankulu.
Where now, Evil Spirit?
Gently they bathed Sopadi in the water.
Then they raised him to the bank.
Sopadi smiled upon them.
They moved his legs apart.
Can men bear such pain?
In turn they beat upon his legs.
They carried him to the village.
They beat upon his legs and rubbed him.
They poured oil upon his head,
Upon his shoulders, his arms, and his back.

For there was no skin left on him.
Sing of Sopadi. Sopadi, the son of Bok.
Never ceasing they beat upon his legs,
From his hips they beat upon him.

.
Sing of Sopadi.

They brought him on an ox to Kwanu.
Upon a running ox.

Who can speak of the pain?

Sing of Sopadi.

To the village by the stream
From Mangeni he rode upon the ox,
Had his Chief not sent him?

Came to the village Kwanu.

Raw his flesh and naked

For his wounds.

Wondering they gathered round.

Knew not Sopadi

Till he gave his name.

Then they helped him,

Held his hands and led him

Till he stood before the Chief.

"Kalaming doth greet thee."

Placed his right hand on his brow.

Touched his navel with his left.
Spoke Mantapi, " Had the Chief
No other word to send,
Sign or speech or token?"
Upright stood Sopadi.
Cross'd his arms upon his chest.
Thus the message of the Chief
Went from Kalaming to Kwanu by the Stream.

.
Ho! Nogankulu!
Peace is in the land.
Laid ye wait then, Evil One?
Cunning and fearsome.
What could prevail against Sopadi?
Upright and brave,
Strong as the young lion.
Sing of Sopadi;
Sopadi, the son of Bok.
Sing of Sopadi.

CHAPTER XXVII

"THE FINEST TREES ARE FAR AWAY IN THE KLOOFS"

WHEN they saw that the Song was finished they praised Spalodi greatly, and the Chief spoke kindly to him and thanked him.

But Jamba went over and sat down beside Spalodi, for he had not heard such a song before, and it was a wonder and a delight to the young man, and he spoke to Spalodi; and after that these two became fast friends.

And now, being well rested, they came again to the road and continued their journey.

From this place was a broad road which had been made for the wagons and the carts of the White People, and they travelled along this open road, having now no fear. About the turn of the day they came to a place where they knew there was water; but the water could not be seen because it ran through the sand, and the heat of the sun made it appear as dry sand only.

And when they had found a shady place to rest, one of the men went down and dug a hole in the sand with his hands. And another went into a corn-land near by and found an old gourd, which he scraped with a stone. And he rubbed the gourd with sand and washed it. Then, when the water had become clean in the hole, they brought water in the gourd to the Chief and the others, and all the men went down to the hole and drank.

And they slept at this place, for the day was hot and they had come far; and near the close of the day they set forth again.

When they had gone some way they left the big road and moved again on a path which led steeply out from the valley. It was over the top of the hill at this part, and not at a great distance, where the White People would be found.

And near the setting of the moon they came to a spring with clear water, and the Chief said, "We will sleep here, my brothers, that we may come refreshed and with clear eyes before the White People in the morning." So they prepared their places and slept there that night.

In the morning, before the sun rose, Koloani, the Chief, spoke to Matauw: "Matauw, my friend, take now two of the men with thee and go before us to the camp of the White Men. And when thou hast found one in authority, make known that I, Koloani, am coming and will quickly be at the camp to speak with them on matters which concern them and me. When the sun has risen we will follow after thee."

Matauw struck his hands together and said, "I have heard, Chief."

Then Matauw went to the men and called two of them, and they took up their blankets and went off.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"THE COW LICKS THE ONE THAT LICKS HER"

WHEN the sun had risen a little way, Koloani, the Chief, and Spalodi and Jamba, and the men came again to the road. And before the sun was hot they came to a rise from which they could see the place of the White Men not far from them.

And first they saw a large white house built after the manner of the White People, so that many might dwell together in it. Not far from the house were kraals, built of loose stones, for cattle and sheep; and there was also a place of many trees, which were all trees of fruit which was good to eat.

And Koloani and those saw wagons and carts close to the house which were outspanned, and oxen and horses were feeding on a rise. And as they came nearer they saw that many men were at the house and about the place.

Now, he who lived at this house was the one

appointed by the White People to deal with the tribes in that part; to hear the complaints of Chiefs and to decide between them.

Also he came at certain seasons into their country to take money from the Black People; and when they had not money cattle were taken, or sheep or goats, for the White People were strong and could do this thing.

The name of this man, as he was known to Koloani and the others, was "Seatlata," which is to say "He of the Heavy Hand."

Now while the Chief was yet a stone's throw from the house came Matauw to meet him, and with him a White Man, and when they came together the White Man held out his hand to the Chief and greeted him, and said in his own tongue, "My father, Seatlata, greets thee, Chief, and asks that you rest under the wattle-tree and he will come to thee shortly."

And when Matauw had given this word to the Chief, Koloani said, "Give my greetings, also, to Seatlata, and say I will await him as he has said."

Then the young White Man went down with

the Chief, and when he had brought him to the wattle-tree he went back again to the house.

And Matauw spoke to Koloani and said "The men who came with me have spoken with those who herd the cattle and the horses, Chief, and they say these White Men are greatly troubled because they are beaten in fight with those who have come against them from over the Great Salt Water. And now certain leaders of them are met together here to consider what they shall do."

And Koloani was sad at this word, and he said, "Have I, then, brought my complaint to a sick doctor?"

Then one came from a kraal carrying a sheep on his shoulders, and when he stood before them he put the sheep down and said, "My master sends this sheep to the Chief for meat." And Koloani said, "Give my thanks to thy master."

And corn-meal was also brought, and an iron pot which stood on three legs.

Then one of the men took the sheep away and killed it and prepared it. And a fire was made, and the men got bowls from the house and water was brought. And when water had been put into

the iron pot and boiled over the fire, the cornmeal was poured in and cooked, and it was stirred with a stick until the meal was thick and could be broken with the fingers. And the meat was also brought and cooked over another fire which the men had made.

And when all had eaten there was not any of the meat left, for they had had little food for two days, and were hungry.

CHAPTER XXIX

"THE CHILD THAT DOES NOT CRY DIES ON ITS MOTHER'S BACK"

IN a little while, when they had finished eating, came three men towards them from the house, and one of these was an old man with a grey beard which fell to the span of a hand below his chin. And he was of greater height than Matauw, and broader; yet Matauw was a very big man. He walked upright and straight; and when he came nearer it was seen that the colour of his face was pink, as are the faces of the young amongst the White People, so that he appeared to be a young man with a grey beard. His eyes, also, were strong and of the colour of a clear sky.

This man was "He of the Heavy Hand," Seatlata, and he was known to all the tribes throughout that land.

Now the White Men came up, and Seatlata stepped before the others and came to the Chief,

Koloani. And Koloani and all those with him stood up. And Seatlata shook the hand of Koloani, the Chief.

Spalodi and Matauw and Jamba, Son of Bama, and the other men with them struck their hands together and gave greeting to Seatlata and the White Men, saying, "Chief, Great Chief!"

Then Seatlata, the White Man, spoke to Koloani, the Chief, and said, "I am wondering to see you here, Koloani, at this time, and that you did not send me early word that you were coming. Let us go now to the House, and we will talk in a place there."

And when Matauw had given this word to the Chief they went down to the house. Seatlata walked first, and after him walked Koloani, the Chief, and then came the two White Men, and after them came Spalodi and Matauw and the young man, Jamba. And when they had come to a part of the house they all went in, and the door was closed after them.

Then Seatlata sat down in a chair by a table on which were many papers, and the two White Men sat also at the table, one at each end. And

a chair was placed for the Chief, but Spalodi and the others sat on the floor, near the Chief, with their legs crossed before them.

And, when all were seated, Seatlata spoke and said, "I am ready, Chief, to hear the reason of thy coming, for Matauw has already told us that the matter is of importance. Speak now."

Then the eyes of Koloani the Chief, shone out, and he sat up straightly, and said, "Hear me, Seatlata. My words will not be many. Thou art here as the Ears and the Eyes and the Tongue of the White People which rule this land; to whom we must listen. We are thy children.

"A father having two sons who cannot live together in peace will separate them, and say to this one 'Dwell in this place,' and to that one 'Dwell in that place,' and come ye not again together to make trouble. And he who hears not my word, but goes to his brother's place to make trouble there, shall be driven out from this land and forbidden again to return.

"Now if these sons listen to their father to obey him, each will go to his own place and live

in peace, taking no heed of that which his brother does. But if one of them hath blackness in his heart he will wait till the father goes upon a journey, then will he come suddenly upon his brother and destroy him—because that one put faith in the words which had been spoken, and was not prepared for such a thing.”

And Koloani said, “ Even so, my Father, has it come to me. My spears had rusted, and the children had taken them for playthings. My people went and came with clean faces, and built their huts upon open ground. We stood no men upon the hills, neither sent spies to bring word of what other Chiefs were doing.

“ For we had heard thy Word, Seatlata! The word of the White People who rule in the land and who had spoken, even as a Father to his sons, between Kundu and me.

“ But Kundu was born with a black heart! Four nights since he sent murderers and slayers to Moali, my village. In the depth of night they came, with spears in their hands and without noise. And they entered into the village, and slew all those who were Great in the village, and

Leaders and Councillors of the people. In their sleep the Great Ones were slain."

"Everything has a price, but who can put a price on blood?"

"Manok, Long of Tooth and Wise. He was friend of thine, Seatlata. He and his House.

"Bama, the Warrior, whom thou hast praised because of his straight tongue and open face; he and his sons, save only Jamba, who is here.

"Monkapani, greybearded and wise in our Law, with whom thou hast spoken much; he and all his sons."

And Koloani, the Chief, spoke the names of all those Great Ones who had been slain, for they had all been known to the White Man.

Then Koloani said, "And yet I live to bring this word, Seatlata; for my Fathers had sent me to visit Chuaani, the Hairy One, who is my uncle. And I had taken with me for company only Jamba, Son of Bama the Warrior, to the village Tlapakun.

"When the word of evil was brought to me I made haste to return to Moali, but those met me on the way who said that Kundu, with a great

force, had come and with cunning had entered into the village saying to the people that I was also dead.

“Then I returned to Chuaani, my uncle, and my people would have at once gone forth to fight with Kundu, but I would not, for I said, ‘Those White People who rule the Land have but to come and stand before Moali, and Kundu will crawl upon his belly to them. Why, then, should the People fight and slay each other?’

“And so have I come to thee, Seatlata, my Father! And now, I pray thee, let some of thy people come together quickly, and return with me, that we come upon Kundu before he works greater evil amongst the people; and also that he be brought to punishment for that which he has done. Hear me. Chief!”

CHAPTER XXX

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*"ONE CANNOT EAT BOTH KIDNEYS OF THE
ELEPHANT AT ONE TIME"*

Now while Koloani, the Chief, was speaking these words, Seatlata, the White Man, had shown great wrath upon his face, and his hand had pulled strongly upon his beard. And when the Chief had said all Seatlata stood up, and his chair fell back, and he strode angrily up and down.

Then he came again to the table and spoke to Koloani, and said, "Chief, I have heard thy words. Go now again and sit under the wattle-tree, for I will hold council upon this thing at once. I will send to thee in a little while." So Koloani and those with him came again and sat under the tree.

And the sun came overhead and the day turned, yet came none from the house to call the Chief again.

But White Men came from the carts and from the wagons and went into the House, back and forth; and it was seen that Council was being

held, for some came out holding argument, and there was shaking of the head and waving of the hands, as of men who speak heatedly.

And now, when it was past the noon, there came one from the House again to call the Chief, and Matauw and the other two went into the house with the Chief. And when they were brought into the place again there were other White Men who sat about the table, but Seatlata sat in his chair between them.

And Seatlata, the White Man, who ruled over all that part, said, "Koloani, Chief! We have held council and spoken over that which you have told us, of Kundu and the slaying of your People. Kundu has seen that we are fighting against an Enemy in the Land and that our hands are very full with this matter; and so he has dared to laugh in our faces. He shall surely die for this thing."

"The lynx says, 'I am fleet of foot,' but the plains say, 'We are wide.'"

"But at this time, Koloani, can no White Men go in with thee against Kundu. You must even be content to wait until the time when we have

swept our own enemy out of the land. It will not be many days ere we have done this, but now have we not a man who can be spared to go with you to Moali."

And when the Chief would have begged for twenty White Men, or ten, Seatlata said, "Nay, Chief, we have spoken much over this matter, and would fain grant thy wish and send in and destroy Kundu, with all those who have counselled him evilly. But there are even greater matters before us, and we must deal with Kundu later.

"As for thyself, Koloani, it is as thou wilt. Either can you remain here and I will find a place for you and your people, or, if you would go to any other place I will not hinder you."

And when they had spoken a little more, and Koloani saw that he could not move the White Man from that which he had said, the Chief went out again, and those with him, and they came to the wattle-tree and sat down. And they were all sore at heart.

Now the day was closing, and one came from the House saying that Seatlata had sent him to show the Chief a place in which he might sleep

that night. But Koloani said, "Nay! we will sleep under the shelter of this tree to-night." And he went away again to the House.

And Matauw and Spalodi and the young man, Jamba, sat before the Chief, and Koloani spoke, and said, "My Brothers! Ye have heard the word of the White Man. It must be with them even as we have heard, that they are sore pressed by their enemy and have great fear for themselves.

"The crippled Wolf has come to the sick Lion for help! Let us now speak together on our affairs and see that which is best to be done."

And they spoke together earnestly and considered many things, and when the moon had set, Koloani, the Chief, took his blanket and said, "In the morning he will speak again and say what we will do, for sleep is a good bath for the eyes." Then the others took their blankets and laid down where they were to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXI

"THE FIG-TREE DOES NOT GET RIPE BY SEEING A BABOON"

IN the morning at the break of day one of the men made a fire, and before the rising of the sun Koloani, the Chief, and Spalodi and Matauw with him, were sat round the fire, upon the ground.

And Koloani said, "Now speak, my brothers, that which ye think well, and let no one be afraid."

Then Spalodi said, "My voice, O Chief! is against remaining at this place. While we are here Kundu builds a wall against us; and the people hearing not of thee will say that Koloani fears to come again. And they will go over to Kundu.

"Let us rather return and work secretly amongst the people, so that if only a few White Men come at any time we shall be able to help them."

Then the Chief turned to Matauw, and Ma-

tauw said, "There is Wisdom in the words of Spalodi, Chief! Let us speak yet once again with Seatlata for it may be that things have come to him in the night. And if we must return alone let us ask the White Men to give us guns and bullets to shoot with, for there are some of thy people, O Chief! who know the way of a gun; and they will be of service to us. We should be as women to remain here."

And the Chief was pleased at these short sayings, and he said, "Ye speak well, my friends. Now hear what was in my mind to do.

"I, also, have seen that it would be foolish to remain here. But we cannot return to Tlapakun; neither can we go to any other village in those parts, for Kundu would surely know that we had been there and he would send and destroy that village.

"Now, as ye know, there is the stain of blood between Kamalubi and Kundu, and they look not kindly upon each other; between me and Kamalubi has there not been kindness, yet neither is there enmity. And I have heard well of that Chief.

“I will go to Kamalubi and claim the refuge which one Chief must give to another who seeks it. Kamalubi is of royal blood and will not deny me but will provide a place for me at his House. Then will this become quickly known against our people and their hearts will not go from me.

“Should Kundu, in his pride, come against Kamalubi because of me, he will surely be defeated; for the people of Moali and its villages will not take arms against me, their Chief.

“Then when the White Men come again to consider the affairs of our people they will find us strong and worthy of their thought. How think you, my friends: does this look well in your eyes?”

And the Chief and the others spoke long over this thing, and Jamba also came and sat with them; and, when they had considered all things, it was decided that they should come to the Chief, Kamalubi, and claim refuge from him.

Now, again, Seatlata sent a sheep to Koloani for meat, and the men prepared it and food was made ready. Then, when they had finished eating, the Chief spoke to Matauw, and said, “Go,

now, Matauw, and find Seatlata, and say that I would speak with him again."

Matauw went to the House; and when he came again he said, "The White Man will speak to the Chief now, in the House."

And when Koloani and those with him came again to the place where sat the White Men, and had found their places, He of the Heavy Hand said, "Speak, Chief!"

And Koloani said, "I would ask thee, Seatlata, if thy word to me is as it was; for the night sometimes brings new thoughts?"

And Seatlata said, "The night has brought no other counsel. My word is as it was. When a whole House is in danger, the affairs of one son must wait. Yet, Chief, be assured that Justice will be done, and Kundu shall eat dirt before you."

Then said Koloani, "I have heard, O Seatlata! and thank thee for thy promise. But the head of the House will, if he can, throw a stick to the child that it may fight for itself.

"Thou hast said that it is with me to stay here

or to go where I will. To stay here I would be but a stone in thy path, and as a woman in the eyes of my people.

“Rather will I go to Kamalubi, of Rasalamoom, whose border is against the land of Moali, and live with him until the time when thou art ready to come against Kundu. I will send thy word amongst my people, and keep watch there, and send thee word continually of that which is done.

“But now Kundu may come against Kamalubi also, because of me, and that of all there is bad blood between them. Give me, now, guns, My Father! and bullets, that we may better stand against that slayer-in-the-dark when he comes against us. And it will also be a sign to the People and to the Chiefs that thy face is with us, and against the Troubler.”

And when the Chief had said this, the White Men spoke together, and they all spoke in turn, and when they had all said, Seatlata turned again to the Chief, and said, “I have nought to say against thy plan, Koloani; it seems good in my eyes. And that the people may know my face is

against Kundu in this doing, I will give thee guns; but when we come together afterwards thou must return the guns to me again."

And Koloani, the Chief, gave thanks to Seatlata and said, "I will give back the guns."

Then the Chief, and those, came out from the House, and Seatlata said, "Call thy men that they come up here." And Matauw called and all the men came up.

Then Seatlata counted and gave word, and White Men went into the House, and in a little while they came again carrying guns in their arms, and they went and came again bringing cartridges. And they brought out ten guns and four, and for every gun they brought ten packets of cartridges.

And when this was done, He of the Heavy Hand spoke to Koloani, and said, "The guns are old, Chief! but yet they are good. When you strike not the mark curse not the gun, but try the other eye."

Then Koloani smiled and said, "Nay, Seatlata! A bad swimmer should not blame the water. I thank thee for the guns; and now will

we not tarry longer here but will return again, at once, to our country."

But Seatlata gave orders, and again a sheep was brought, to be food for the road, and prepared, and the flesh was cooked and divided amongst the men. And when all was ready, and they had taken up their blankets and their spears and their sticks, each man took a gun and the cartridges with it.

Then Seatlata came again and shook the hand of Koloani, the Chief. And Matauw and those with him called out, and said, "Remain in peace, Seatlata, our Father!"

CHAPTER XXXII

*"THE HASTY ONE EATS A HARE; THE STEADY
ONE EATS A CALF"*

THE Chief led the way, and they travelled with speed, for they had rested well at the place of the White Man. Nothing hindered them by the way, so that before it was dark they had come again to the river Matsusi. But they crossed not over, neither made a fire at that place.

In the morning, before it was light, Jamba, Son of the Warrior, arose and crossed the river and went to the top of a place from which one might see up the valley Manganita. And in a little while, as he looked, Jamba saw a light shining against some rocks, and he looked carefully, for the day was breaking, and then the young man saw another light at a distance from the first. So Jamba knew that men had been sent by Kundu to lay wait in the valley for Koloani. And when the young man had marked the places of the fires in his eye he came down and returned quickly to the Chief.

Now when Jamba had told to Koloani and the others that which he had seen, they praised the young man. And Koloani said, "My son, thou art as a shield between my enemies and me."

And Jamba said, "I have marked the places where these men are. Can we not come upon them suddenly and destroy them—for we are strong, and have guns with which to shoot?" But Jamba shook his spears and looked not at his gun, which lay upon the ground.

And Koloani smiled and said, "Nay, Jamba! It would be a small thing and of little use. While they watch here we shall not be hindered on the way to Rasalamoom. Have no fear, Son of Bama, thy spear shall not rust."

Then, when each had taken up his things, Matauw spoke, and two of the men stepped quickly out and moved in front at a little distance. And they went up the river through the bushes which grew on the banks, for they would not cross the river at this place. And when they had come a long way up the river and had found the place where they would cross, it was already in the heat of the day. But they found a cool place

amongst the bushes; and when they had set out two of the men to keep watch, they lay down in this place and waited for the evening, for now they were to travel in darkness.

When the dusk of the evening had come on Matauw spoke again, and one of the men took up his things and crossed the river and went on the way; and before he was lost to sight another followed after him. And when he also had crossed the river came the Chief and all the others on the road. This was done that warning might be given of an enemy on the road, but they expected not to be hindered in this part. And they travelled again very quickly, so that should those who had laid wait for them in the valley cross the Matsusi and find the track where they had come, and follow after, they should not catch up with them.

When the moon had gone down and it became dark they yet continued on the way, for they were in a path which was known to some of the men. So they held on until about the turn of the night, when they came to the foot of a great cliff; and the two men who had moved

before them were waiting here. And Matauw spoke with the men, and when it was known that the path led out of the cliff, but that it was very steep and long, they turned to the Chief. But Koloani said, "Let us not rest until we are out of the hill."

Then each man took only one stick and one spear in his hand, and the other things they fastened in their blankets over their shoulders; and when they were ready, one who knew the path led the way. But now they travelled slowly, for the night was dark and the path was dangerous, so that in the slipping of a foot was death. And they followed closely one behind the other, and were careful not to loosen any stones; but they paused not once until they came out at the top of the cliff.

This place was on the border of the land which belonged to the Chief Kamalubi; and when Koloani and those with him were come on to the hill they felt a relief in their minds, because they need no longer fear those whom Kundu had sent to lie in wait for them.

Then Koloani said, "Find now a place and

we will sleep here; for when it is light I would look over the land from this hill, that it may be known to me." And when he who knew the path had shown them a place to sleep they opened their blankets and wrapped them around, for the night was cold upon the height.

But now, before they slept, Koloani spoke to Spalodi, and said, "Son of Sepeke, Man of Honey Tongue! It is for thee to go before us in the morning to come to Kamalubi and to tell him that I, Koloani, am on way to Rasalamoom to speak with him on that which is of concern to Chiefs. Give him greeting, and say that at the setting of the sun I will stand before his Gate. Take with thee three men, and wait not for our awakening. We will follow after thee in good time." And Spalodi said, "I have heard, Chief!" Then they slept at that place.

CHAPTER XXXIII

"THE TIGER-CAT IS BECOMING ON HIS NATURAL GROUND"

Now in the morning, at the rising of the sun, Koloani, the Chief, and Matauw stood upon the height and gazed upon the land which lay before them and around. And they moved to the edge of the cliff and looked over the way which they had come. Their eyes went up against the river Matsusi for a great distance, and down the river; and over beyond the river in the face of the sun, they saw again the hill over which they had gone to the place of the White Man.

And Koloani, the Chief, looked around, and said, "The land is great, and nowhere rises the smoke of a fire; yet are my Children slain. Water runs from the hills, and the wild deer drinks of it; yet are my Brothers and Friends killed in the night. The sun shines upon the valleys and the plains where men are few; yet must I walk in the darkness because of those who lie in wait for me. And my fault is in this: that

my fathers were Chiefs and men of bloody hands."

Now Matauw was looking out along the path by which they had come up from the river, and he saw men running on the path. And when the men were come nearer to the cliff he spoke to the Chief, and they looked and knew that these were men of Kundu who had tracked them along this way.

"They returned with a feather only."

Then while they stood at the edge of the cliff the men below stopped running and looked up, for one had seen the Chief and Matauw standing there, and had spoken. So Matauw called to the men who were with him, and they all came to the edge of the kranz and looked down upon the men of Kundu, their enemy; and the men below shook their spears and shouted, but only the sound could be heard because of the distance. The men who were with the Chief shook their spears also, and shouted words of defiance and scorn.

And Matauw said, "They will not come further because of the steep path in the hill, which one

man could hold against many. They will now return to Kundu, O Chief! and he will know that thou art with Kamalubi." And the Chief said, "It is better so." And when they had watched the men below for a while, they returned to where they had slept and took up their things and continued on the way to Rasalamoom.

"A stick has no kraal."

But the Chief, Koloani, was of low spirit, and he turned his face to the young man, Jamba, and said, "My son! A snake, kill, without mercy, and a wolf. But gnash not thy teeth against the deer that it is fleeter than thou, nor the eagle that it asks thee not where it shall build its nest." But Jamba answered not the Chief, for he knew not what to say.

All that day they travelled easily because the distance was not great to the village of the Chief Kamalubi; and because they had now no fear of the men of Kundu behind them. And they passed through many corn-lands, seeing great herds of cattle and of goats by the way; and at the setting of the sun they stood outside the Great Gate of the village, Rasalamoom.

Now before Koloani could come to the gate to touch it, Kamalubi, the Chief, came forth, and with him was Mabatsi, his general, and Chukabi, his brother, and Spalodi also was with them.

The Chief Kamalubi was the biggest man in all those parts, and his brothers also were taller than other men, for so was that family. And Kamalubi was heavy and full of meat, like a fat bull.

Now when the Chief Kamalubi came forth to greet Koloani he laughed aloud, and his great belly shook with it. But the laugh was a good laugh, and not a taunt, for it was the way of this Chief, who was a great laugh.

And Koloani was at ease in that the Chief had come to meet him, and his brother and his general with him. And when Kamalubi and Koloani had struck their hands together and called each other "Chief," and spoken the names of their Fathers' Fathers, they went in. And Kamalubi led the way to his own house.

Now when they were seated in the sabolo of the Chief Kamalubi, before his house, and the others were sat around, Koloani would have

spoken, but Kamalubi raised his hand, and laughed, and called out; and the wives of the Chief brought beer in clay pots and put it before them. And meat was brought in wooden bowls, and corn-meal. And Kamalubi said, "There will be much time for talking, my brother! eat and drink now, for thou hast come a long journey."

Now the heart of Koloani, the Chief, was light at this doing of Kamalubi, but when they had finished eating he would not wait longer, but said, "Kamalubi, Son of Rampuru, Son of Waromani, Chief! Hear me now."

But again the Chief Kamalubi raised his hand and laughed aloud, and said, "My Brother! My Brother! 'From a bitter trunk bitter fruit will come.' We have heard of the doings of that Thief in the Dark; and that thy sons are slain; and that thou hast been to speak with the White Man. I have awaited thee here, and a place will be quickly prepared for thee and for thy people; and there are corn-lands for all. And for as many of thy people as shall come to thee place will be found, and they shall look to thee only, as Chief. I, Kamalubi, have said it."

“A Great One does not follow the road of the lie.”

And the Chief of Rasalamoom laughed again, and said, “For do we not know this Kundu! that fear of the White Man only has kept his hand down? Already has he sent me greeting and spoken words of friendship, saying, ‘Let us live at peace, and let our people come and go and make friends together.’ I am restless! Soon would he send me a maiden for wife, and presents; and then could I no more sleep in my house. As an enemy I laugh at him, but as a friend would there be no peace for me. Now that thou art here, my brother, he must declare himself; and thy people shall strengthen my hand to deal with him. Speak not of refuge, for I am glad thou art come to me.”

CHAPTER XXXIV

*"HE WHO ALREADY KNOWS A MATTER WILL
CONFUSE THE LIAR"*

Now when the people of Moali heard that their Chief, Koloani, was at the village Rasalamoom, and that the Chief, Kamalubi, had given him a place for those who would come to him, and corn-lands and water, and that the people would be welcome there, many of them stole away by night and came to their Chief. The wives of Koloani came first to their lord with what they could bring with them. So that in a few days Koloani had his own place again, and there were many to serve him.

But when word was brought to the Chief, Kundu, that Koloani had been well received by Kamalubi of Rasalamoom he was angry. And Kundu called his councillors together and they spoke over this thing. And Kundu, the Chief, spoke first, and said, "Kamalubi has struck me in the face, openly, and declared war against me; now, therefore, consider this thing that we prepare ourselves."

And when they had all made known their thoughts at the council, Mokani, the First Councillor, spoke, and said, "We cannot come by surprise upon Kamalubi, for even now he will be watching and making ready against us; we must collect our strength and give him battle. But he will not be able to stand against us, for our warriors will be as two to one against him.

"Now, Chief, let us send to Kamalubi and demand that he give Koloani and his people over, and when he refuses let our messenger make known to him that the people will be gathered together against him, from the Matsusi to the H'loati, and that he and his House will be destroyed and his People utterly crushed if he stand up against us in this thing. It may be that the counsel of fear will prevail with him at the last."

And Bokalobi, the General, said, "Let our messengers go to Rasalamoom as Mokani has said, but let us also begin at once to make ready; for Kamalubi will fight, and Nabatsi, his general, will not be deceived. There is much to be done and the new moon will be here before we are ready. But Kamalubi and his House will be eaten up,

and thy fame will spread through the land, O Chief!"

So it was that when Koloani had been three days at Rasalamoom came messengers from Kundu to the Chief Kamalubi.

And when the messengers, having heard that Kamalubi would not give up Koloani, had declared that their Chief, Kundu, would come with a mighty force and utterly destroy the village Rasalamoom with all its people, Kamalubi, the Chief, gave a great laugh, and the Chief spoke, and said: "Return now, ye men, to your Chief, and give him the word of a Man, thus:

"That which is between us is not of to-day, for was it not even a matter of rage to our fathers that the same sun shone upon both? We have too long held our hands and now must fight. Come in the darkness or in the midst; in the daytime or with the moon. Come with cunning or as Man. I await you, Kundu. Tarry not, that your blood become not cold with age. Kukunu is your name, for you work in the dark! and I am prepared for you. But, Chief, if you are your Father's son, and a good fight is a pleas-

ure in your eyes, and ye be not afraid to meet me openly, then let your coming be in day-time, that the thing be not hidden; and that the Land may know we have met as men."

And Kamalubi, the Chief, laughed again, and said, "Ye have heard my words. Bring them quickly to your Chief, and say Kamalubi waits to welcome him to Rasalamoom."

Now the Chief had spoken cunningly in this thing, for he feared greatly that Kundu would come against him in the darkness and overcome him by surprise. For Kamalubi had many guns, and those which had been given by the White Man to Koloani were on his side, and in the night these would be of little use. And so Kamalubi had spoken with taunts that, perhaps, he might raise pride in the Chief, Kundu.

CHAPTER XXXV

"WITH THE MOUTH ONE CAN CROSS THE FULLEST RIVER"

Now began Kundu, Chief of Nilisetsi, and Kamalubi, Chief of Rasalamoom, to make ready against each other. Kamalubi placed men along his border which was against Moali and against Nilisetsi, that men of Kundu should not come into his land to spy. He placed men on the heights, also, which overlooked the land of Kundu, for a watch. And he had cunning places built for his men in the rocky hills which were against his village. And great stones were placed on ledges, whence they might easily be rolled down upon an enemy.

And Kamalubi gave orders, and all the cattle and goats and asses which belonged to his people were gathered together and sent back in his country to a distance. A few cows and goats only were kept at Rasalamoom, and for these a strong place was built in the hill behind the village, where water was. And the people of Natsani, and Ti-

sani, and Paloto, and all the villages of that part, made ready, for their Head Chief was Kama-lubi.

Koloani, the Chief, also, and Matauw and Jamba went much amongst the People, to encourage them. But Spalodi, Son of Sepeke, had returned to Tlapakun, the village of Chuaani, the Hairy One, and from that place they worked secretly amongst the people of Moali.

And Matauw spoke to Mabatsi, the general, and orders were given that all those who had guns should come and place themselves under Matauw, who would be over them to direct them. Then Matauw instructed these men and went with them round about on the hills at Rasalamoom, and appointed places for them.

“ You begin with the meal before the water is boiled.”

But Kundu, the Chief, and his people in all the villages of Nilisetsi, already sang songs of victory, for they believed that the men of Rasalamoom would flee at the sight of their numbers and their might; for the Warriors and the Young Men from all the villages, from Matopani, from

N'quobi and other parts, and from the Chief, Sandobo, son of Daasha, whose spears numbered a thousand, were coming together at Nilisetsi. And when all these danced in the evening in the Great Place before the sabolo of the Chief, and shook their spears and sang the Songs of War, it seemed to them that they were of very great might, and that none could stand before them.

And so the Young Men boasted greatly and laughed, and spoke contemptuously of Kamalubi and his people. And already they were dividing the spoils amongst them, saying the young women and the maidens of Rasalamoom should be dealt with in this way, and the Cattle and the goats should be divided in that way, and the goods also; and there was great glee amongst the people. And oxen and goats were slain for food, and at every hut were fires made and corn-meal prepared, and there was much beer drunk.

Now Mokani, the First Councillor, liked not all this doing, but when he would speak against it, saying, "Let the feasting and the drinking be after the victory," the Chief laughed and said, "As Moali, even so will Rasalamoom fall into my

hands." But Kundu drank much, so that he was drunk every day. And when Mokani spoke with Bokalobi, the General, on this thing, Bokalobi said, "Fear not, my brother! You and I will feast together in the house of Kamalubi, and his women shall wait upon us." For there was beer also at the house of Bokalobi, and he saw not clearly at this time.

Yet Mokani, the Councillor, was not greatly troubled, for he considered how few were the men of Rasalamoom as against the men of Nili-setsi, and that Kundu might choose his own time for going up against Kamalubi.

CHAPTER XXXVI

*"THE CALF OF THE DOCTOR DIES FULL OF
THE SMELL OF MEDICINE"*

**"Don't curse the crocodile's mother before you
cross the river."**

Now in the villages of Moali, also, Kundu, the Chief, had put men to be spies; and had sent word to every Head Man how many spears he should bring to the fighting against Kamalubi. And the Head Men spoke well with the messengers of Kundu, and promised to bring the full number of spears and more; and they spoke ever lightly of Koloani and of Kamalubi. Nevertheless, Kundu trusted not the men of Moali; but the people knew the spies and were friendly with them, but they guarded their tongues before them.

Now when all was prepared it was yet before the new moon, and the night was very dark. And Mokani, the First Councillor, spoke to Kundu, the Chief, and to Bokalobi, the General, saying, "Surely now is the time to go up against our enemy. While the nights are yet dark let us fall upon him and surprise him."

But the Chief spoke, and said, "Am I not Kundu, Son of Manduku, Son of Waromani? And shall I be taunted with my name by that jackal? And shall the People say, 'The darkness favoured him, but in the daylight he feared to fight?' Nay, by my Fathers! We will go up against Kamalubi, and I will send word to him when we are ready; and all the world shall know that my spear has searched him out openly. And my name shall be great in the Land."

Mokani liked not this saying of the Chief, and he said, "It is foolish to wake a snake to kill it." But Bokalobi, the General, was with Kundu in this thing, and he said, "We know that Kamalubi has prepared for us by day or by night, but by night will they be doubly watchful and strong. They fight on their own ground, and darkness will be a friend to them; for the number of our spears would not be seen, to frighten them. In the daytime will they see that our numbers are as two to one, and the sound of our shouting will strike terror to their hearts."

And Kundu, the Chief, said, "To-morrow will we set forth. Let the Word go out, Bokalobi, to

thy Warriors and Young Men. Let us sleep at our border, and by noon of the next day must Kamalubi be shown that he has aroused a lion whose mouth is a great cavern which will not close while one of his House lives. Our spears have been anointed, and the Doctors and Wise Men have prepared our Warriors. They will come upon Rasalamoom like a whirlwind, and its people will be swept away as the dust in its path."

Bokalobi, the General, was glad at this word, and he went out quickly to give orders.

Then, in a little while, there was much blowing upon horns and beating upon drums and running about the village. And messengers were sent off, swift of foot, to Moali and its villages to call the Warriors and the Young Men that they be at the Border when Kundu, the Chief, should come there. And meat was prepared and meal for the morrow. In every house was the order given that so much should be made ready.

In all the villages about there was great stir and excitement; and the women had much to do, and sang as they worked. And the young boys blew upon whistles made from bones. There was

laughing and merriment—for were they not going to eat up Kamalubi and his people!

And Bokalobi, the General, called all the Head Men of the Warriors together and told them how they should go, and the order of it; and each man went and made ready accordingly.

“The mouth of a man is bigger than a sounding drum.”

Now in the morning they began to go forth in ranks from the villages towards the border; but they made no haste, for the distance was not great. They travelled in parties by many different ways. And they danced by the way and chanted their songs. And the Young Men boasted, and shook their spears; and made light of the enemy, which was yet far from them.

Now Kundu, the Chief, had asses brought, and food was placed upon their backs; and upon some of the asses great bags were placed, made from the hide of oxen, and these bags were filled with beer; for Kundu said there will be no beer left for us at Rasalamoom. And Kundu had his karosses brought, and his headdress, and his chair to sit in—for it was in the mind of the Chief

to hold a Court for those who should be brought before him when he had entered into Rasalamoom. And certain of his wives came with him also.

And so, in state, Kundu came to the place appointed where they should sleep that night. This place was known as Dabitsi, which is the name of the stream there.

And now all the Young Men and Warriors were gathered together, and Bokalobi, the General, came and took Kundu, the Chief, on to a rock. And when the Chief had looked down upon all those fighting men who were there, and saw their spears, and heard the hum of their chanting, his heart swelled with pride.

And Kundu said, "Who is this Kamalubi that would stand against me? Will he not bury his face in the earth when I stand before his village?" And they slept at that place.

CHAPTER XXXVII

"THE WALLS HAVE COME INTO COLLISION"

Now in the morning, about the rising of the sun, Kundu, the Chief, sent word and three men came before him, and one of these was Madimbani, son of Mokani, the Councillor. And Kundu spoke to Madimbani, and said, "Son of Mokani, go now with these two and come to Kamalubi at his place at Rasalamoom, and when thou seest Kamalubi speak thus: 'Greeting, O Kamalubi, from Kundu, Son of Manduku, Chief of Nili-setsi and Moali and all this land! And know that I have come up against thee with a great force because of the word which thou hast sent to me. And that I am now at Dabitsi, on the Border. If now thou wilt come forward and bow before me and acknowledge me as thy Over-Chief, and will bring Koloani with thee, then will I, Kundu, not come further against thee. But if thou wilt not do this, then by noon of this day will I stand before thy village to destroy it, and thee also, and thy House.' When thou hast heard

the word of Kamalubi, which he gives thee, come again with it quickly."

And Madimbani said, "I have heard, Chief." Then they saluted and went out and came quickly on the way; but they took no spears with them. Now when they came to the top of the hill by the path and had crossed the Border, two men stood before them. And one asked where they would go, and on what business.

And Madimbani said, "I am son of Mokani, and I carry the Word of Kundu, Chief of Nili-setsi and Moali, to Kamalubi of Rasalamoom, and these two are with me." Then one of the men said they should follow him, and he went on before them, but the other man remained at his place on the hill. And he who led brought Madimbani round by the open way to the village. Then he called one near by to stand with them outside while he went in to where the Chief was, and brought him word. And the Chief said, "Let them be brought in."

Now Koloani and Matauw and Jamba, son of Bama, were with Kamalubi at his sabolo, for they knew that Kundu had slept at Dabitsi, on the Bor-

der, and would come against them this day; and a last Council was being held. And when Madimbani and the two were brought in they saluted Kamalubi, but they looked not towards the Chief, Koloani.

And Kamalubi, when he had heard the word which Madimbani brought, laughed aloud. And he said, "Greeting to Kundu, Chief of the Sun, and the Moon, and the Stars! and say that I will have a shade made for my eyes, that they are not dazzled when I look upon him when he comes at noon." And all those who were there laughed when they heard the words of the Chief. And Kamalubi said to him who had brought them, "Take them back as they came."

Now when Kundu heard the word which Madimbani brought from Rasalamoom he was enraged. And he sent for Bokalobi, the General, and gave orders that they go forth at once against Kamalubi.

But Bokalobi had heard the Word which the Chief had sent to Rasalamoom, and he so did that his army should not be at that place before noon—for Bokalobi said, "Our name will be greater through the land."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"SCOFFING AND DESTRUCTION GO HAND-IN-HAND"

Now the village of Rasalamoom was not far from the Border, but Mabatsi, the General of Kamalubi, would not place his men on these hills to fight because of the great number of the warriors of Kundu who would surround them and cut them off from the village. The hills at Rasalamoom were small, but they stood sharply up and were rugged. And the village was at the foot, where the ground sloped away to the stream, which is the Maripe.

And now, when the men of Kundu began to move from their place into the hills on the border, those who had kept watch for Kamalubi fell back before them and came in to their own people.

The Warriors of Kundu came on in companies. The Young Men and those of each village came together, having their own leaders over them; but they all took the word from Bokalobi,

the General. But all those companies which came from Moali and its villages Bokalobi kept with the men of Nilisetsi, that he might see them.

And Kundu, the Chief, came with the men of Nilisetsi and Moali, a great body. And these came down the Maripe, along the stream, to attack the village from the front. And other companies went towards the hills at the end nearest, and round to the back of the hills; the leader of every company knowing what his work was to do.

And while they were yet at the Border the deep humming of their Chant could be heard at Rasalamoom. They danced, also, as they came on, shaking their spears and sticks and striking their shields. Many wore long black feathers on their heads, and these shook and waved as they danced. But nothing else wore they save the piece of skin which was around the loins.

And they shouted and boasted as the blood ran hot in their veins, and the sound of their Chant grew ever louder. And behind them, on the hills, came many women from Nilisetsi, who would see the fight and how their enemy was beaten.

CHAPTER XXXIX

*“DUIKER, COME OUT OF THE BEANS, YOU WILL
BE TRAPPED”*

AT Rasalamoom all had been made ready for the fight. The children had been sent to other villages with some of the women—but many women remained at the village, for they might be of help to the men. At every place of vantage on the hills, and where the paths led in, men waited under their leaders.

Now the Chiefs, Kamalubi and Koloani, with Mabatsi, the General, stood upon the hill where they could see the army of Kundu coming from the border. And when he saw how great was the might which was brought against him, Kamalubi laughed, and said, “See what it is to have a big name. Surely I have been boasting.” And Mabatsi, the General, answered him, “This day, Chief, will thy renown be doubled, and all the world shall hear thy name—for all these who now come on will run to spread the fame of it.”

Now when the Chiefs saw that the greatest

number of the enemy were coming down the Maripe towards the village they went down again and stood where they were able to watch these. But Mabatsi went about among the Leaders and the men, cheering them.

The fighting commenced in the hill. The shouting was heard, and the shooting of guns. Then Koloani turned to Kamalubi, and the Chiefs saluted each other, and Koloani went away into the hill where he would watch and direct his men—and Kamalubi had no fear for that part.

Now the village was full of men who kept themselves hidden; but a number were out between the village and the stream, shouting defiance and shaking their spears. For Mabatsi, the General, had said, "They will think our numbers are few and will come on with little heed."

And it was so, for it was thought, "Kamalubi's men are in the hills, and only this few defend the village." And when they came to the stream the first men of Nilisetsi rushed forward, every man wishing to be first into the village.

“Don’t laugh when a man falls, there are slippery places ahead.”

Now when they came out from the bank of the stream it was a rise to the village, and a distance of two stones’ throw; and they all shouted loudly and rushed on. When those who had gone out to meet them saw the great number of these coming, and heard the noise of the shouting, they turned and ran back to the village. And when the men of Nilisetsi saw this they rushed forward without any order, shouting Victory.

But this was a trick. Now, although it is a common trick which every Warrior knows, yet when the blood is hot men stop not to reason, and the greater their might the more surely do men proceed without caution.

At both sides of the village Matauw had placed men with guns amongst the rocks, and when the men of Nilisetsi were come within a stone’s throw of the huts Matauw fired, and at this all those with guns fired at once into the front of the men coming on, and many of them dropped to the ground,

Now this was the signal for the men who were hidden in the village, and with a great shout they all sprang out, and those who had been running back turned again. And while yet half the men of Nilisetsi had not crossed the stream, these from the village bore down upon them.

CHAPTER XL

*"THE WATER MAY LOOK SHALLOW BUT ONE
MAY BE DROWNED"*

GREAT was the Fight!

But the men of Nilisetsi had received a shock at the firing of so many guns, and the thought came to them that there were White Men fighting for Kamalubi; and they looked about. Then the men from the village, keeping together in a body, and fighting down the hill, drove the others back and slew many.

But now, Kundu, the Chief, and Bokalobi, the General, came on with all those who had been behind, and although their order was broken, yet because of their great number they began to prevail. And at this time it was the men of Matauw, at each end of the village, with their guns, who kept the enemy back. For they shot many who ran forward with torches and who would have fired the huts at the ends of the village.

Now the fighting was fierce before the village, and all the men swayed back and forth and side-

ways as they pressed each other. And sometimes this side would give way and run a little back, and then the other side would be driven. And deeds of great bravery were done on both sides.

But the men of Nilisetsi were strong in numbers, and they began to come nearer to the village. Bokalobi, the General, was leading his men; and when they came forward now they were not driven back again, but held their ground.

Now Kamalubi, the Chief, saw that his men were being driven in, and he turned to one, who was attending on him, and took his shield from him and his great war club. And Matauw, when he saw that Kamalubi would go down, gave his gun to one there who could shoot, and he took his two spears and his club and went down with the Chief.

Now these two were of greater stature and strength than any who were there; Kamalubi was the greater of the two, but he was fat. And when they came down through the village to the men, Kamalubi, the Chief, gave a roar like a bull, and then, with a great laugh which was heard above

all the noise of the fighting, he sprang forward with long strides; and Matauw was beside him.

What could stand before those two? Wherever the fighting was fiercest came they, and the enemy sank down before them. And the men of Rasalamoom, when they heard the great laugh of their Chief, took heart again and cheered each other; and those with the guns fired always where the enemy was thickest.

Now the men of Moali had been a hindrance to Bokalobi, for while they had pretended to fight they had ever pressed backwards; but they were not in their own companies, for Bokalobi had not trusted them.

But now, when the men of the village cheered again because of Kamalubi, their Chief, and the shooting of the guns was hot upon them so that those who were attacking the village were checked for a moment, the men of Tlapakun, whose Head was Chuaani, the Hairy One, began to run backwards, shouting, "We are beaten. White Men are fighting for Kamalubi. We are beaten. Home, brothers! Home."

Then all the other men of Moali and its villages took up the cry where they were, and turned and ran backwards. And where the men of Moali came together in a number they turned suddenly upon the men of Nilisetsi—and then for the first time on that day their spears were red.

Then the men of Kundu raised a cry, saying, “We are betrayed!” and there was confusion amongst them. But Bokalobi, the General, and the Leaders sprang forward, crying, “To the village, brothers! To the village. Come on! Come on!” And Kundu, the Chief, strove amongst them to keep their faces to the village. But where the Leaders were not the men began to run back because of the confusion with the men of Moali; and when first a few ran, others lost heart and ran after them.

Then the men of Rasalamoom raised the shout, “They run! They run!” and those upon the hill took up the shout, and they all pressed forward hotly. And the great club of Kamalubi, the Chief, laid many of the Leaders low before him; and at every good blow the Chief would

laugh loudly, and this was of great cheer to the men behind him.

It was at this time that Bokalobi, the General, pressing forward to cheer his men against the village, and Matauw seeking ever the greatest amongst the foe, saw each other. Now Matauw and Bokalobi were friends of many years, and held each other in high esteem as brave warriors and honourable men. Many times had they slept under one roof and eaten salt together. And now, when they were coming together in the fight, they paused and looked straight across; and they smiled.

Then Bokalobi cried aloud, "Ho, brother! Is it indeed thus we meet? Welcome, then, as ever. Thrice welcome." And Matauw cried, "Welcome, brother! Our Fathers are good to us. Let nothing come between us now. Cast thou first; I am ready." And Matauw, throwing down his club, took a shield from one behind him.

Then Bokalobi, Warrior from his youth, took his casting spear and threw back his arm. His weight was upon his right foot, and the toes of his left foot touched the ground lightly before

him. His left fore-arm passed through the thong-loops of his shield, and in that hand, half-raised, he grasped his short stabbing spear. And the Warrior loosed and pressed his fingers upon the haft of his casting spear so that the iron head of it quivered and sang at his ear.

Then Bokalobi raised himself well upon his right foot, and, bringing forward his weight, cast the spear.

Now Matauw was a man of great muscle and big, so that the shield which he had taken from the one behind him fitted ill upon his arm; also, the distance between the Warriors was but ten paces, so that though he crouched in to himself he received the spear not upon his shield. Like lightning it flew past him, ripping his shield-arm from outside the elbow deeply to the shoulder.

“A scratch, brother! A scratch!” cried Matauw, and, stretching himself with the word, cast his spear.

Well did Bokalobi know the strength of his friend, and that no shield of hide might take his spear straightly; but, hero of a thousand fights,

he knew from the poise how the spear would fly, and his shield received it slantingly.

Now, at once, there was a groan from those about, for the glancing spear had struck N'yati—second son, and favourite of Bokalobi, who was attending upon his father in the fight—full in the neck; and such was the force that the iron head and half the shaft passed right through. Matauw, when he saw this, raised his hand, and his voice shook as he cried, “Brother! My Brother!” But Bokalobi, the General, when he had looked round and seen his son fall, turned again and cried, “Nay, Matauw! ’Twas not thy doing. But now I am a lopped tree. Come!”

Then each Warrior, grasping only the short fighting spear, and with the shield upon the left arm, sprang forward. Matauw was the taller and the stronger, but Bokalobi, the General, was swift upon his feet and cunning with shield and spear.

At a spear's length they paused; then with crouching and bounding and much feinting they circled round, watching, each, the eyes of the other. Never a movement was lost; and when

one sprang in, or they sprang together, shield met spear, and only the second and lighter blows as they leaped apart found flesh. And so they kept on, and none attempted to hinder them, or gave help to either side.

But it was seen that Bokalobi was the more cunning, and swifter with his feet; moreover, the shield which Matauw held was of but half service to him, so that in a little while he had many great flesh wounds.

Now Matauw saw that he must bring the fight to an issue quickly, for he was losing much blood; and he knew that only by closing and gripping his foe would he be able to prevail against him. So he began now, while circling round and feinting, to work his shield loose upon his arm. Then, at a proper moment, Matauw sprang forward, and as he took Bokalobi's spear upon his shield he drew his arm out.

In a moment the fight was over. Bokalobi's spear, at his second thrust, entered deeply above his heart, but Matauw gripped the shaft with his left hand, which was now free, and pushed himself from it, then, forcing Bokalobi's spear

upward, he closed in and with the full strength of his right arm drove his spear downward through the warrior's chest into his stomach.

Now Matauw, without drawing his spear again, threw his arms around his old friend and gently laid him down; and Matauw said, "Bokalobi! Bokalobi!" And Bokalobi, the General, smiled as he died, for he could not speak. And Matauw's heart was glad at that smile.

Many warriors on both sides saw the fight, and it is a song with those tribes to this day.

Now when it was seen that Bokalobi, the General, had fallen, the men of Nilisetsi began to give way in the centre—and then there came a panic amongst them. They turned and fled, and could no more be held together. And the men of Rasalamoom, with loud shouting, rushed after them, and many were slain.

But Kamalubi, the Chief, when he saw them starting to run, turned back, and those with him, to the village. And Kamalubi and Matauw were covered in blood from head to foot, for they had both received many wounds.

CHAPTER XLI

*"YOU HAVE HELD A BUFFALO BY THE HORN
FOR ME"*

Now the Chief Koloani had had charge of the Hills, where he had moved from place to place, and Jamba, son of Bama, was with him. Wherever the danger was greatest they came, and they had cheered their men and so done that not once had the men of Kundu gained the top of the hill.

And now when the enemy before them, seeing their friends fleeing, began to run away also, and they knew that the day was won, Koloani and Jamba hastened down to the village. And they were astonished when they saw Kamalubi, the Chief, and Matauw, because of the great wounds upon them.

But Kamalubi laughed and said, "The Bull of the Kraal must know the feel of the Horns! and now I know what is in thy mind, brother. Take thy men with thee and follow after; and Moali is thine again."

And while they yet spoke came Spalodi before them, and, when he had saluted, he said to Koloani, "The men of Moali await thee, Chief." Then Koloani gave greeting to Kamalubi, saying, "Till we meet again, my brother." And he hurried away with Spalodi and Jamba.

Now when Koloani and Jamba came out from the village on to the place where the fighting had been, they saw how fierce was the battle, for the killed and the wounded lay all about the field. And the men of Rasalamoom, returning from the chase, came dancing and singing with great joy. And the women, every one that was there, ran about and waved their arms wildly; and they shouted aloud the name of Kamalubi.

Now when the men of Kundu gave up the fight, all those who belonged to Nilisetsi and its villages ran to the Hills at Dabitsi, where they had slept the night before; but the men of Moali came away from them to one side. And Koloani, the Chief, and those with him, hastened, and when the men of Moali saw their Chief coming they shouted a loud greeting to him. And the Chief saluted them as Warriors.

But they hurried on until they came to the village of Chuaani, the Hairy One. And Chuaani, the uncle of Koloani, and all his people came to meet the Chief by the way; and they rejoiced greatly, and came again, singing and dancing, to Tlapakun.

Now already, before the Chief had come, Chuaani, the Hairy One, had sent off messengers to all the People of Moali saying that Kundu was defeated, and that Koloani, the Chief, was returning to his place. And when Koloani came to Tlapakun he sent two Head Men in haste to his own village of Moali, saying, "Make known to my people that they may rejoice and be glad, for I bear not enmity to any for that which is past; and in the morning I will come to them."

For the Sun had now gone down, and they were all very tired.

CHAPTER XLII

*"THE MOUTH WHICH ATE DIRT SHALL EAT
FAT, AND THE MOUTH THAT ATE FAT
SHALL EAT DIRT"*

AT the village, Tlapakun, all that night there was great rejoicing and dancing, and much noise, but Koloani and those with him went early to sleep, for they would rise again before the sun to go on their way.

In the morning, at the breaking of the day, Koloani, the Chief, with Chuaani, his uncle, and many others, set out to come again to his own place at Moali. And when they had gone about half-way came a great many people—men and women, young men and maidens—from Moali to meet the Chief on the way. And all these sang and danced, and shouted greetings to their Chief. And they went on and came with great rejoicings to the village.

But the heart of the Chief was sad, for he thought of his sons who came not to greet him. And Koloani called Jamba to him, for that he

knew the young man would be sore at heart also, because of his father and his brothers who were slain.

Now when they had come to the place of the Chief, and had entered, came one running quickly and asking for the Chief; and when he was brought in he saluted Koloani and said, "Hangi, of Botsabi, has gathered his cattle and his sheep, and he, with his whole House, is in flight to go to Kundu at Nilisetsi, for he fears thy wrath."

When Jamba, son of Bama, heard this word he grasped his spears and looked with great eagerness towards the Chief. And Koloani smiled, and was glad that this thing had come between them and their bitterness.

So Koloani spoke to some who were there and they went out and brought a number of men quickly together.

Then the Chief said to Jamba, "Go, my son! and take these men with thee, and when thou comest up with Hangi let thy maiden say what he shall take with him out of my land of the cattle and the sheep and those of his House; and let the word of thy love be law in this thing.

“Only, with Hangi, let certain of the men go with him to the border and see him away, that we may feel quit of this meanness.”

And to the men Koloani said, “Go ye with Jamba, he has my word in this thing.”

CHAPTER XLIII

*"HE IS NOT PITIED WHO BRINGS THE EVIL
UPON HIMSELF"*

THEN Jamba and those with him took the road quickly into the Tabandini, the Rugged Hills, and when they had gone some way into the hills they saw a cloud of dust before them and they knew that it must be the cattle and the sheep of Hangi which made the dust to rise in such a way.

Now the heart in the breast of Jamba was beating wildly, and the young man placed his hand upon his breast and said, "Still, Mamalubi! Still, my Heart! Thou knowest that I am near thee."

And they passed quickly round the top of the hill so that they should come to the road in front of Hangi. Then Jamba placed certain of the men on each side of the road and he with two others sat by the road and waited.

And presently the sheep and the goats appeared, and Jamba had them turned from the road into the hill, and those who were driving were told to keep them there. Then the cattle came, and

it was done with them as with the sheep. And following on the cattle came asses with packs on their backs and with these, driving them on, were Hangi and his wives and their children, and others of his House; men and their wives and families.

Now Jamba and the two with him stood in the road and turned the asses to the right and to the left into the hills. And when Hangi looked and saw the men on both sides of the road also, he knew that he was taken, and he came forward to where Jamba stood.

“Cunning devours its master.”

But when he saw who it was that had stopped him thus his eyes gleamed with hatred, for he thought, This is he who has brought trouble upon my House.

But Jamba looked only for a moment at Hangi, for already he had seen Mamalubi step out from amongst the women—and she was coming towards him.

Then Jamba saw nothing but his love, and he sprang forward to meet her, and she came holding out her hands. And before all those there

he took her two hands into his and they stood so for a moment upon the road, saying nothing, but with their eyes speaking each to each.

Then Mamalubi said, "I knew thou wert near me. I have seen thee every morning at sunrise, and I have known no fear for thee or for myself."

And Jamba said, "My Love!"

Now all those who were watching were greatly surprised; and the women were more astonished than the men; because few in that part ever knew such love. And it was not in this way that women approached men, as though they were equal with them under the sun.

Now Jamba took the maiden with him and he spoke to the two who had been with him and said, "Wait!" And when they had come a little way Jamba told to the maiden that which Koloani, the Chief, had said.

And Mamalubi thought not for a moment, but said: "Such and such are my own cattle and my goods; take only these, my Lord, and let my father go his way with his House."

And Jamba said, "It shall be so."

Then he sent and had those cattle brought out which Mamalubi had said, with the calves which were theirs. And the maiden returned to where the women were and took her own goods, whatever was hers. And when these were brought together, and Mamalubi had greeted her mother and those she would, Jamba said to the two men who had stood with him, "Take now twenty men and go with Hangi to the Border; and when he has gone over and on his way, return again to Moali—but take no thing from Hangi or from these who are with him."

And Jamba spoke, and certain of the men took up the goods, and others took charge of the cattle which had been brought out. And when Hangi would have spoken Jamba heard him not, but turned to Mamalubi and they walked back upon the road together before them all.

CHAPTER XLIV

"THE LITTLE DUIKER OF POINTED HAIR . . ."

As they walked back upon the road Mamalubi told to the young man all that which had taken place in her father's house in this time.

How that even four days since Sopanto had come saying now was the time in which she should be brought to his house; and that, when her mother told her, she had refused to make ready, saying she could not go to Sopanto. How that her father had beaten her mother because of her child's disobedience and that her mother and the other women had then come and scolded her and beaten her.

And then that Hangi, her father, had said he would fasten a rope round her neck and bring her thus to Nilisetsi, before the women of the Chief, who would know how to deal with one who would set her face against her father's will and the law of the land in this thing.

And Mamalubi said, "They set a watch over

me, but I had no fear so that even this day when my father would have tied me and fastened me to one of the asses I said, 'I will walk with the women and will make no trouble by the way!' But the heart within me leaped upon the way and I looked for thee and was not surprised at thy coming."

Now when they came to Moali there were a great many people at the village, for they were yet rejoicing at the coming again of the Chief; and the Head Men from all the villages with many of their people had come in to see the Chief and to rejoice.

And when Jamba, son of Bama, the Warrior, walked in on the open way to the sabolo of the Chief, and the maiden walked beside him, the people smiled upon them and saluted Jamba—albeit was never before known that a girl walked by the side of a man in this wise—for the people knew the story of these two and that Good Spirits were with them.

Now when they came to the sabolo of the Chief, Jamba sent one of the men, saying, "Make known to the Chief that the son of Bama stands

without his gate and that he brings with him one who would fain find favour in the eyes of the Chief."

And the man returned again quickly, saying, "The Chief bids thee come in to him, and the one with thee."

So Jamba brought Mamalubi into the presence of the Chief, and the maiden, when she had seen the face of the Chief, stood before him looking upon the ground. And Koloani said, "Maiden, fear nothing! Thou art with friends. In my house shalt thou be as a daughter until the time when Jamba, whom I love as a son, shall have prepared his place to receive thee."

And Koloani said also to Jamba, "Thou hast chosen well, my son, for surely is there not such another maiden in all this land; and yet art thou worthy of her, for a Man art thou and thy name shall be known."

And Jamba said, "I chose not, my father, nor she. Our hearts are one." Then Mamalubi turned her face to the Young Man. And when Koloani, the Chief, saw the smile which passed between those two he understood that saying.

CHAPTER XLV

*"THE LYNX SAYS, 'I AM FLEET OF FOOT,' BUT
THE PLAINS SAY, 'WE ARE WIDE'"*

Now the Chief had made known that on the morrow he would meet all the Head Men and Leaders of the People in council, and so there was not one who stayed away excepting by sickness. And in the morning, after the first meal, they came together in the Great Place before the sabolo of the Chief. All the Heads of the villages, and the Heads of the Houses in the villages came together; and some had travelled all through the night to be present at the bidding of the Chief.

And when Koloani came into the Great Place all those there stood up and saluted the Chief, striking their hands together and shouting loudly, saying, "Chief! Great Chief!" and telling the names of his fathers' fathers. And when the Chief rose in his place they all sat down again upon the ground.

Then Koloani stood forth, and when he had

looked round upon them all the Chief spoke—and these were his words:

“My fathers and my brothers, hear me! That which is past ye know. We have come through a Black Moon in which no man could see straight before him. There are faces missing from the Council. Whether I, your Chief, lived or was dead many of ye knew not, and another was in my place.

“The hunchback is not told to stand upright.”

“His spies went in and out amongst you, and men feared to open their mouths except in praise of him. Who can pass judgment on such a time?

“Brothers! What I know and will remember is that ye fought for me on the field at Rasalamoom, and that by that am I here again in my Place. And that there shall be understanding amongst you, and mistrust and ill-will done away, have I brought you together here to hold council.

“Let no man speak to me against his neighbour because of that which is past. Let all your disputes also be settled now in council, before ye part, that there may be peace in the land. The

back of that Snake is broken, so that he can spit and bite only in his place. We need have no fear of him.

“Thanks are due to the shoulders which keep the shirt from falling off.”

“And now, my brothers! What think ye of Kamalubi, Son of Maroani, Chief of Rasalamoom? Must I say all that which he has done for me and for this People? Nay; for it is known. He was a cloud between me and my Enemies. He stood as a shield before me. But because of this did they up against him, and he and his people have been sore stricken.

“Not one condition did he lay upon me; nor would he bind me by a word. My brothers! Great is the heart of that man. A Chief, in truth, is he!

“Now, Moali. On the third day from this will I go up to Rasalamoom to speak to Kamalubi that which is in my heart. Do ye, now, consider amongst yourselves whether I must go with empty hands, or whether there is a way in which this People can show honour and give thanks to such a Chief, I have said.”

Now many of the people had come up in fear to Moali because of that which had been done in the last Moon; and they knew not how they would be received; so that this which the Chief had said was of great delight to them. And when Koloani had finished speaking they all rose to their feet again and saluted the Chief.

And many old disputes and grievances were wiped away at this council; for the people had come happily together, and the words which the Chief had spoken disposed them to reason where before they had been stubborn.

And all those Head Men who could do so said they would go up with the Chief to do honour to Kamalubi. And every man in the land of Moali was bidden give such a thing as he could, and bring all together that Koloani might offer it to Kamalubi as the thanks of his people. It was said that every one who could give something should bring it to Tlapakun the village of Chuaani, which was on the Border, near to Rasalamoom.

And soon Chuaani had to build kraals, and then to make the kraals larger, for cattle and

goats and sheep and asses were brought in by the people from morning till night. And it was seen that every man was concerned to bring something. Those who were wealthy gave some, ten oxen; and some, five cows, and five asses; and others, many sheep and goats; and those who had little goods brought, some a sheep, and some a goat. And from all sides they came, so that never were so many animals seen together in one place.

And when, on that day, Koloani, the Chief, came to the Border, and saw what the People had done, his heart was glad and warmed towards them.

And a great many men went up with Koloani to Rasalamoom; and women and girls followed behind, singing and praising the deeds of the good Chief Kamalubi.

The sheep and the cattle and the goats and the asses were driven with them, and they spread on all the fields about, and it was good to look upon them.

Now when it was told to Kamalubi that Koloani was coming to do him honour, he went out with his Head Men, who were there, to meet

him by the way. And Kamalubi was pleased when he saw all these coming to greet him, and heard their songs; and when he was come near to Koloani, and saw him, the Chief laughed greatly with pleasure, so that every one could hear him.

Then the Chiefs greeted each other as brothers; and the people gathered around them at a distance; and the people saw all the wounds upon Kamalubi, and sang of his greatness in war, and of his good heart.

But when Koloani showed to Kamalubi all the cattle and sheep and goats and asses, and told him that this was a gift to him from the people of Moali for what he had done for them—from every man something—the Chief could not speak for his pleasure. He looked round upon the people; and then Kamalubi laughed, for he found no speech—and it was such a great laugh that the people laughed with him. All the people joined in the laugh.

And the face of Kamalubi shone, and his belly shook; and he took Koloani by the arm and they went in to the village.

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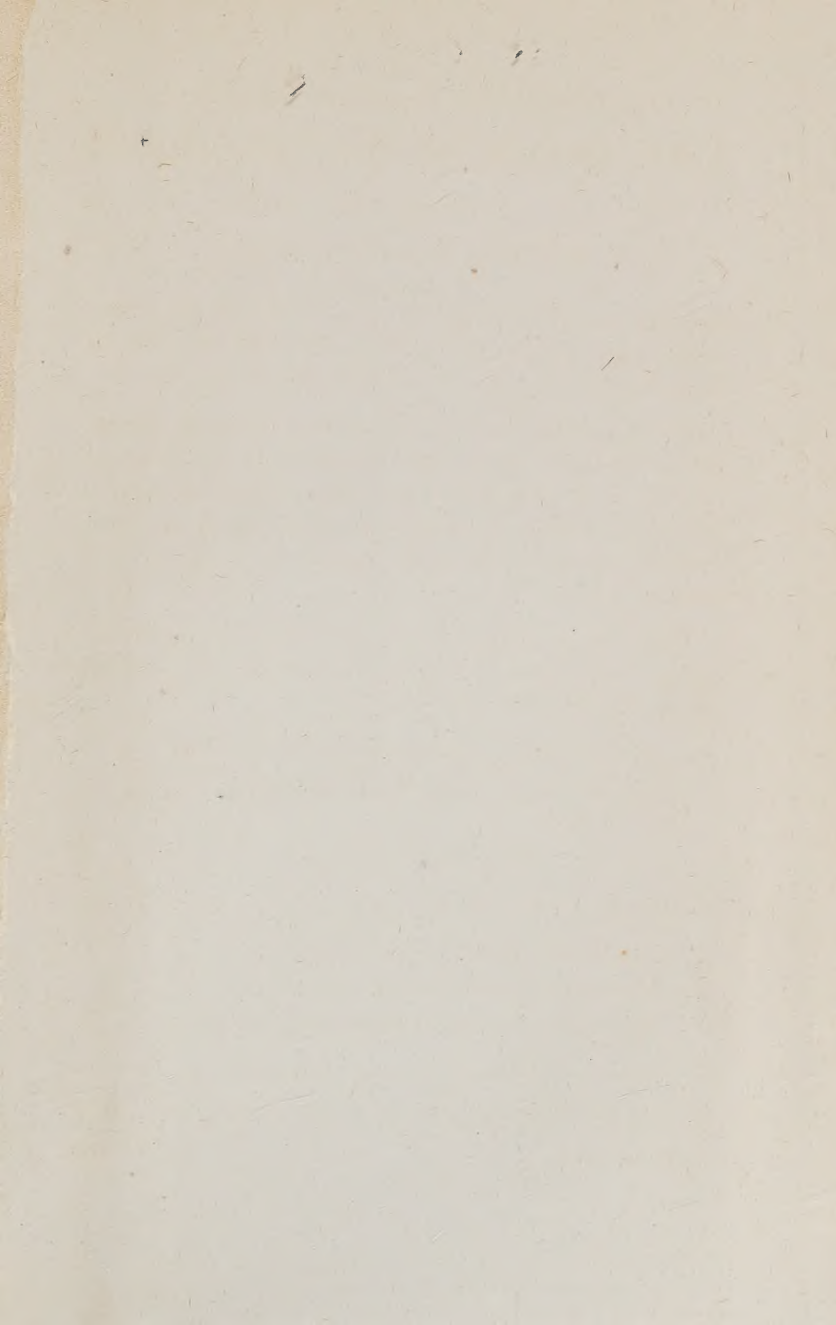
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